



MORTON EISEN/69



*Giveon*

T H E  
FESTIVAL OF WIT:  
OR, THE  
S M A L L T A L K E R.

CONSISTING OF

|              |                |
|--------------|----------------|
| ANECDOTES,   | BON MOTS,      |
| EPIGRAMMATIC | REPARTEES, and |
| FLASHES,     | PUNS,          |

Royal, Noble, Naval, Military, Clerical, &c.

WITH  
FLIGHTS OF HUMOUR AND GENIUS,  
SELECTED FROM A VOLUMINOUS WORK,

In the Possession of

G \* \* \* \* \* K \* \* \* \* ,  
Summer Resident at W———.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE  
AUTHOR AND COMPILER,  
Written by Himself.

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*When Prussia's Monarch writes, why may not I?*

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D U B L I N:

Printed by and for JAMES and WILLIAM PORTER,  
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M,DCC,LXXXIII.

1783

THE STATE OF TEXAS

COUNTY OF DALLAS

IN SENATE

COMMISSIONERS

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| ANDREWS | ANDREWS |
| ANDREWS | ANDREWS |
| ANDREWS | ANDREWS |
| ANDREWS | ANDREWS |

ROYAL, NOLAN, NOLAN, NOLAN

AND

COMMISSIONERS OF LANDS AND MINES

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TO FREDERICK the Third, King of Prussia.

ILLUSTRIOUS MONARCH!

THE pleasure I feel in dedicating this collection (the amusement of my leisure hours) to a *Warrior* and *Poet*, whose fame in both departments is universally acknowledged, is such as Grecian and British idolatry only have experienced at the hallowed shrines of Homer and Shakespeare! I have no doubt, when your Majesty relaxes after the fatigue of military operations, but my little present will prove an agreeable companion to you and the venerable warriors of your board and fire-side. British wit is in universal estimation in all polished nations, and has ever found a favourable reception at the Court of the present illustrious Monarch of Prussia. Your Majesty will find very little to condemn, and much to applaud; you will find in it what has distinguished our British ladies above all others in the universe: Beauty! Liveliness! Wit! Genius! Elegance! and irresistible Perfection!—In relating any of the good things in this little volume, if I should ever learn that you took a pinch of snuff extraordinary, (which has been ever looked upon as a sure mark of your approbation) my exultation will be boundless.

I am, my dear Sir,  
Your Majesty's admirer,  
And affectionate friend,

W—, Oct. 4, 1782.

A 2

G\*\*\*\*\* K\*\*\*.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

IF I should learn from the Booksellers that this little work moves as swift from their shelves as a number of modern publications, I may be tempted to amuse my readers with another volume. Indeed, from the multifarious matter in my possession, I might make an hundred such as this in *size*; but I would rather present the public with two entertaining pocket companions, as a memorial of my literary labours, than borrow immortality, by presenting them with a Lilliputian edition of the British Poesy, or a Comedy of the last century, with the glittering disguise of a Dramatic Pilferer of our own prolific age.

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THE LIFE OF

G \* \* \* \* K \* \* \* .

**T**O prevent the inquisitive *book-worms* of this capital from troubling the bookfellers for information respecting my life, I sit down to the following detail of facts.—A man can communicate the sentiments of his own breast much better than other people; should a trifling incident get into the hands of some biographers, they are so fond of dressing it out to the best or worst advantage, that a reader never sees the picture in its natural colours; if there is any thing pleasing in the portrait, every literary dauber must try his hand, till, in the course of a century, the whole resemblance is totally obliterated. Our two sensible moderns, Cibber and Sterne, were perfectly right in communicating the particulars of their lives to the world; it has saved much contention; for Mr. Bryant, who, no doubt, had he sat down to the life of Cibber, would have dated his birth from the cupola of St. Paul's; while Dean Milles, who is ravished with the beauties of Sterne, would, in all probability, have given the admirers of this

charming sentimentalist a huge *quarto*, price only *one guinea*, filled with more goody goodies than the *Biographia Britannica*, and would have insisted on it that Sterne was not a mortal, but an angel sent from heaven to make us laugh and cry.—It is to prevent any errors of this kind I sit down, this first of April, 1782, to give the reader an account of my life.—I was born in London in —\*, my father was well known by the name of the good-natured man, he had his blemishes, but they never injured any but his creditors. He was the intimate companion of Thomson, Mallet and Lyttelton, and many other men of genius, and took a particular pride in patronizing the offspring of the Muses. I could mention many anecdotes of his life and my mother's, (who was a most beautiful woman, and had many excellent qualities); but, as I design to confine myself to my own history, the reader must excuse me.—I discovered a very early attachment to literature, and had so happy a knack at reciting passages from the best English writers, that my father, pleased at my prowess, placed me under the tuition of the famous *Quin*, who polished me to the highest degree in the science of elocution. My friends, who were very numerous, had a high opinion of my oratorical powers, and my

\* This Hiatus is an error of the Press; the Reader may fill it up as he thinks proper.

my very enemies pronounced their approbation founded in justice. I remember, the first speech I made in a distinguished debating society, was received with the greatest applause: there was a gentleman of eminence in the assembly, who wrote word to Paris, that I was the finest speaker he ever heard; and my old Preceptor, Quin, who was sitting down to supper on a *John Dory*, exclaimed with rapture, when a gentleman gave him the intelligence, "*Ay!—I taught the boy to speak!*"

My father died when I reached my twelfth year, which opened a glorious prospect of earthly felicity! I continued to figure away in the splendid walks of fashion till my grandfather died, which happened when I reached my two-and-twentieth year. This old gentleman, who was universally beloved for his probity, justice, and humanity, left me heir to an excellent estate, which I was put into immediate possession of. If I was surfeited with adulation, prior to this, I was now sick to death; the press groaned beneath the servile burthen, and every printer's *devil* could number among my panegyrists as many literary daubers as shouted at the heels of Wilkes and Liberty, or Sir Jeoffry Dunstan at the renowned election at Garratt. It was this, I believe, that first gave me a dislike to men of genius, for, from that time to this, I have not

changed a word with any of the servile group, but Dr. J—n—n. My tenants in elevated life, congratulated me, with, I believe, much sincerity, but the transport of my under-tenants was of another complexion, they loved me, but they thought I wanted all that solidity that made my grandfather adored among them. They would sometimes abuse him, and their abuse was blended with no small share of acrimony, which often reached his ears, and to which I heard him make this just observation, "*My tenants are strange people, they abuse me very much among themselves, but I have observed they will not suffer any strangers to do so;*" indeed the old gentleman deserved every kindness at their hands, for though he was not by birth a Briton, yet his affections were riveted to the interests of his tenants. The first action of my life that was received by my numerous cottagers as oppressive, was an order I had given to the publicans on my estate to raise their beer an halfpenny a pot, which made so great a noise that I was heartily sorry I had done so. It unfortunately happened the friends or companions I made were very offensive to my tenants, whose aversion to me was still imbibited by the following singular affair. I had heard much of the spaniels of Scotland, and was very desirous to have some to sport with me round my estate, which I immediately

mediately acquired, and which I found the most docile creatures in the world. My attachment to those faithful companions became fraternal, nor could I take the least amusement without some of them being about my person. In a few months my tenants complained bitterly that they had not left a duck or duckling about their houses, nor a single thing that was fit to be eat, but what they had devoured. What could I do? Fraternal love in one scale, and the cries of affliction in the other; the last I knew to be the composition of envy, hatred, and malice, and made up of nothing but wind, while the first is the immediate offspring of heaven, and second to none. My best way I thought was to shut my ears to their cries, which I instantly did, nor have I opened them to their complaints on this score from that hour to this.——While my friends were busy looking out for a wife for me, on the death of my grandfather, I happened to meet with a copy of verses, inscribed to a gentleman of eminence in Prussia, and written by a young lady in Germany; I was so smitten with their excellence, that I instantly became enamoured with the fair writer, and having seen her picture, which was in the possession of the gentleman who favoured me with the copy of the verses, I instantly declared my determination to marry her. Some

of my friends declared against it, because she was without fortune; whilst others set up her birth, humility, and good-sense, as equivalent to the greatest dower in the power of fortune to bestow. To cut this matter short, we were married, and heaven has blessed us with a progeny *beyond our most sanguine wishes.*

My wife has some remarkable features in her character, like most other women; those that take the lead are *music* and *jewels*. She is a bitter enemy to ladies feathered heads, and the state which some of her neighbours have been known to support in visiting her; one in particular, who was an illustrious encourager of the English and their manufactures, and whose memory is as dear to thousands as love and gratitude can make it; I mean the excellent Lady Alnwick.—I am as fond of music as she; being convinced with Shakespear, that “*the man that hath no music in himself, nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.*” Indeed she said one evening, when she cast a glance at her numerous children, and tapping me on the cheek with much hilarity at the same time, “*I think, G—, we have fiddled to some tune.*” Yes, my love, replied I, and the talkative part of our neighbourhood say we will never be tired. “*What*  
*is*



*is it to them?"* rejoined she, "*they won't pay the piper, though we were to dance till Doomsday.*" As to the ladies feathers, I am not fond of them myself, nor do I like to see a lady dressed above the attire of a quaker, or the less adorned habit of rural simplicity.

My wife's attention to the education of her children deserves great praise; I shall beg leave to mention one circumstance relative to their pocket money. They all have a stated sum allowed, proportioned to their age; my wife requires them to give an account how they dispose of it: they are sure to receive a lecture if a considerable portion is not bestowed in some commendable charity, that is free from ostentation. One of the little ones hearing a news paper read, said to his mother, "I cannot think, my dear mother, what a prison is?" Upon its being explained, and understanding that the prisoners are half starved for want "that" replied the child, "is very cruel, for the prison is bad enough without starving. I will certainly give my charity in bread to poor prisoners;" which was accordingly ordered. Thus it is that, in the minutiae of education, principles of humanity and tenderness are instilled, which are much more likely to form the mind of virtue, than the most solemn arguments and tedious reasonings.

The

The reader may perhaps smile at me for being thus particular, in describing what he will probably call trifles, but let him smile on; a father of a family, while painting the growing graces of his children, certainly rides the most amiable hobby-horse in the world, and deserves the countenance of society full as much as the description of the habiliments of royalty in a theatre, or the recital of a bon mot of a man of rank, which would be a disgrace to the understanding of a mountaineer. In sitting down to this selection (the greatest part of which has been finished some time) I had not the fears that generally accompany young authors, or compilers: in looking over a number of volumes in my possession, which has been the favourite amusement of my leisure hours, I discovered a rich mine of literary excellence, the property of a number of distinguished and learned personages, which I favoured my intimate friends with a view of very often, who pressed me to introduce to the admirers of refined and estimable conversation a couple of volumes of the richest matter in my possession. When I had determined to comply with this request, that hateful form, a *snarling critic*, stared me in the face, and in some measure scared me from the purpose. At length I have resolved to combat this monster, and this volume he must accept as  
a chal-

a challenge: if he should be vain enough to enter the lists, sure I am he will meet with a formidable enemy.—If the reader should complain of want of amusement in these biographical anecdotes, the best advice I can give him is to sit down by his fire-side, and correct the errors of his own life, which he may find more amusing. “Aye but, (says he) where’s my half crown?” Ask, my good Sir, all the illustrious personages in the following pages, who will give you *mirth*, *sensibility*, and a *bouquet of beautiful flowers*, plucked by the hand of Genius on the most fertile spot of Parnassus, in exchange for it.

...to 24 22 3110

[illegible]

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T H E

FESTIVAL OF WIT.

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ANECDOTES AND EPIGRAMMATIC  
FLASHES.

**S**HORTLY after I came into the possession of my estate, I walked one morning into my library, where I found one of my under librarians asleep in a chair. As I never possessed that ridiculous pride that looks with contempt on inferiors, I stepped up to him, and gave him a slight flap on the cheek; he clapt his hand on the place instantly, and with his eyes still closed, exclaimed, "Damn it, George, let me alone, you are always doing one foolish trick or another." I knew he took me for his fellow librarian, or I should have been angry; as it was much more poignant than I expected.

Some

Some time after the above affair, I was making some improvements round a piece of water near my house, when the same youth happened to be standing at the brink, seemingly in deep meditation; I came behind him and shoved him in, up to his middle; he looked very sour at me, but held his tongue, and I could easily see he was by no means pleased with the frolick. I laughed, and walked away.—I mentioned this to Lord N. a few minutes after, who told me I might have many spaniels fond of taking the water, but this was the first instance he ever heard of one man taking another for a dog, whatever he may do to take him for a puppy. I felt the force of this rebuke, and promised within myself to behave better for the future.

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When the distinguished duellist G. R. Fitzgerald, was in Paris, the English Ambassador introduced him to the French King; prior to which introduction the ambassador informed his Majesty, Mr. Fitzgerald was a man of such amazing prowess, that he had fought thirty duels, and behaved equally brave and honourable in them all. "Then, I think," says the King, with a smile, "this gentleman's life would make an admirable appendix to your renowned

renowned countryman's history, JACK THE GIANT KILLER."

Related by Sir G. W.

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When Sir Thomas More was ambassador from Henry the Eighth, to the Emperor of Morocco, the morning he was to have an audience he called for a bumper of sack, drank it, and asked for another; the servant would have dissuaded him from it, but could not; he drank that off, and afterwards a third: he then insisted on a fourth; but being over-persuaded by his servant, he let it alone. When he returned from his audience, "You rogue," said he to his man, "what mischief have you done me! I spoke so well to the Emperor, on the inspiration of the three glasses I drank, that he told me I was fit to govern three parts of the world:—Now, you scoundrel, had I drank the fourth glass, I had been fit to govern all the world."

Related by Lord N.

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The following pleasant Anecdote was related to me some Time ago by the facetious Bishop of C\_\_\_\_\_.

"The whimsical and immortal author of *Tristram Shandy* was married to Mrs. Sterne on

on a Saturday morning : his parishioners had timely notice of this circumstance, and knowing he would preach the next morning at his parish church, and desirous at the same time of seeing the bride, they assembled in such crouds, that the church was full before the bell had done tolling. The bride, as was expected, made her appearance, and the country folks indulged themselves with the usual observations, 'till Sterne mounted the pulpit : Here every eye was directed to him, and every ear ready to catch the words of his text, which turned out, to their astonishment, to be the following : "WE HAVE TOILED ALL NIGHT, AND HAVE CAUGHT NO FISH." The congregation looked at each other, some smiled, others stopped their mouths with their handkerchiefs to prevent them from laughing, while the old folks wore very serious faces, and thought the humourist a very odd sort of a man for a pulpit lecturer : however, they attended to his discourse, which turned out, as usual, very instructive ; and all went home very highly delighted with the text, but poor Mrs. Sterne, who blushed down to her fingers-ends every step of the way to her house.

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That excellent companion the old Lord Bathurst, told me the following anecdote.

When



When the celebrated actresses, Mrs. Cibber, was in Dublin, she sung in the oratorio of the Messiah. A certain Bishop was so struck with the extreme sensibility of her manner, that he could not refrain from saying, loud enough to be heard by numbers round him, *Woman! thy sins be forgiven thee!*

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Returning to my country-box at Windsor, a few years ago, I rode up to a crowd of people, and perceived one of the horses of a team had just dropped down dead. The owner was very much affected, and wrung his hands, declaring it the greatest misfortune he ever met with, and at that time he could least afford to buy another horse, as he had met with a number of hardships for some time. I felt for the poor fellow, and calling one of my servants, who rode on an excellent horse, desired the waggoner to accept of him. "Ah! master, (said the countryman) my pocket will not reach such a beast as that." "Come, come, my good fellow, be of good heart, said I, take him, take him, and when I demand a price for him, then thou shalt pay me."

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The following is related of the K. of Prussia with undoubted veracity. A clergyman of Neuf

Neuf Chatel chapel preached against eternal d——n. His parishioners were so disgusted with him, that they would not afterwards suffer him to enter the church door, nay they even pelted him. The King hearing of it, ordered the doors to be thrown open to the priest, that he might resume his function. The parson now resumed his subject. He would not allow of eternal d——n by any means; he had no objection to a limited time, even a hundred thousand years, but not infinite punishment. The parishioners would not suffer him to go on with his sermon, but pulled him headlong from his rostrum, turned him out of the church, and again pelted him. The King sent for the priest, and censured him for his absurdity in resuming a subject so obnoxious to his hearers, and said, "Since my subjects of Neuf Chatel are so fond of everlasting damnation, they have my free leave to be damned to all eternity."

Related by Counsellor D——, now Lord A——,  
with great humour.

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As Mr. Cunningham, the late pastoral poet, was fishing on a Sunday, near Durham, the reverend as well as corpulent Mr. Brown, chanced to pass that way; and knowing Mr. Cunningham, austere reproached him for  
break-

breaking the sabbath; telling him, that he was doubly reprehensible, as his good sense should have taught him better. The poor poet turned round and replied, "Your external appearance, reverend Sir, says that if your dinner was at the bottom of the river with mine, you would *angle* for it, though it were a *fast-day*, and your *Saviour* stood by to rebuke you!

This was communicated to me by Lord G. S.

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At the assize of Caernarvon, where Judge Barrington presided, a simple Welchman was tried for some petty offence. The Judge, in an austere manner, asked him, "What are you?" To which the culprit replied, in his shire manner, "My Lord, I *was* sell *ale* by the *pound*!" "Eh, says the Judge, not hearing him distinctly, "how do you do, my friend?" "Pretty well, I thank your Lordship, I hope you are well?" replied the rustic, with such a simplicity in his manner, that threw the court into a fit of laughter that lasted for a quarter of an hour. His Lordship was as merry as the rest, and leaned to his case in such a manner that he was acquitted.

Sir W. W. W. related this.

The

The late prodigy of genius, the unfortunate Chatterton, was amusing himself one day in company with a friend, reading the epitaphs in Pancras church-yard. He was so deep sunk in thought as he walked on, that not perceiving a grave that was just dug, he tumbled into it. His friend observing his situation, ran to his assistance, and as he helped him out, told him in a jocular manner, he was happy in assisting at the resurrection of Genius.——

Poor Chatterton smiled, and taking his companion by the arm, replied——“My dear friend, I feel the sting of a speedy dissolution——I have been at war with the grave for some time, and find it is not so easy to vanquish it as I imagined——we can find an asylum to hide from every creditor but that.” His friend endeavoured to divert his thoughts from the gloomy reflection: but what will not melancholy and adversity combined subjugate? in three days after the neglected and disconsolate youth put an end to his miseries by poison.

An old gentleman that professed a great respect for men of uncommon literary talents, and who frequently conversed with Chatterton, at the Cyder-cellar, in Maiden-lane; gave a loose to his good-nature one evening,  
and

and requested the pleasure of the poet's company to supper at his house.

When the cloth was removed, some very good wine was placed on the table, which the generous old gentleman praised extravagantly as he was filling Chatterton's glass, requesting him at the same time to drink a bumper to the memory of Shakespeare.——The inspired youth had not finished his glass when tears stood trembling in his eyes, and instantly rolled down his cheeks: "God bless me! (says the old gentleman) you are in tears, Mr. Chatterton—" "Yes, sir, says the bard, this *dead* wine of yours compels me to shed tears, but by H——n they are not the tears of veneration.

Both these I had from the hon. H. W.

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The present facetious Bishop of Killaloe favoured me with the following.

Those in the least acquainted with the character of Dr. Goldsmith, know that economy and foresight were not amongst the catalogue of his virtues. In the suit of his pensioners (and he generally enlarged his list as he enlarged his finances) was the late unfortunate Jack Pilkington, of scribbling memory, who had served the doctor so many tricks, that he despaired of getting any more money from him,

him, without coming out with a *chef d'œuvre* once for all. He accordingly called on the doctor one morning, and running about the room in a fit of joy, told him his fortune was made. "How so, Jack?" says the doctor. Why (says Jack) the Dutchess of Marlborough, you must know, has long had a strange *penchant* for a pair of *white mice*; and as I knew they were sometimes to be had in the East Indies, I commissioned a friend of mine, who was going out then, to get them for me, and he is this morning arrived with two of the most beautiful little animals in nature." After Jack had finished this account with a transport of joy, he lengthened his visage, by telling the doctor all was ruined, for without *two guineas* to buy a cage for the mice, he could not present them. The doctor, unfortunately, as he said himself, had but half a guinea in the world, which he offered to lend him. But Pilkington was not to be beat out of his scheme; he perceived the doctor's watch hanging up in his room, and after premising on the indelicacy of the proposal, hinted, that "if he could spare that watch for a week, he could raise a few guineas on it, which he would repay him with gratitude." The doctor would not be the means of spoiling a man's fortune for such a trifle. He accordingly took down the watch, and gave it to

to him; which Jack immediately took to the pawn broker's, raised what he could on it, and never once looked after the doctor, till he sent to borrow another half guinea from him on his death-bed; which the doctor, under such circumstances, very generously sent him.

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The famous John Baptist Santeuil, the latin Poet, being in company with a Parisian husband, who was lamenting the infidelities of his wife: "A mere flea-bite," said the Poet, "or less, as it is only an imaginary complaint; few die of it, and many live with it."

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A certain preacher held forth at St. Mary, without giving his auditory any satisfaction. Santeuil, who was present, said, "he did better last year." A bye-stander asserted he must be mistaken; for the present pulpit-thumper had not preached last year. "That is the very reason," said the Poet.

Footnote favoured me with these.

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My old companion, Quin, wounded a young fellow, who had drawn upon him,  
B slightly

slightly in the hand, in a riot at the stage-door of Covent Garden theatre. The spark, presently after, came into one of the green boxes, over the stage door. The play was Macbeth, —and in the fine soliloquy, where he sees the imaginary dagger, as Quin repeated, “*and on thy blade are drops of reeking blood,*” the young fellow hawls out, “*Ay,—reeking indeed!—what does your conscience prick you?—you rascal, that’s my blood you drew just now.*” The Actor, giving him a severe side glance, replied, just loud enough to be heard by him, “*Damn your blood, I say;*” and then, without the least hesitation, went on with the speech, so that the major part of the audience scarce noticed the interruption.

This anecdote I had from Mrs. Pritchard.

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Santeuil was the first that let fly the shafts of satire against the Monks. A Provençal gentleman complained to an attorney at Paris, that he had been cheated by a Monk. “What, Sir,” says Santeuil, who was present, “a man of your years not to know the Monks! —There are (continued he) four things in the world you should always guard against; the face of a woman, the hind part of a mule, the side of a cat, and a Monk of all sides.”

This I had from Foote.

The



The celebrated Count de Caylus taking a rural walk one day, saw on the border of a ditch a countryman asleep, and a boy, about eleven years of age, regarding the lineaments of his face, and his picturesque dress, with a fixed attention. The Count, approaching with affability, asked him about what he was thinking. "Sir," said the child, "if I knew how to design, I would trace out the figure of this man." "Do so then," said the admirer of artists, "here are tablets, and a crayon." Emboldened by this encouragement, the child attempted to take a representation of the figure before him, and he had scarcely finished the head, when the Count embraced him, and informed himself of the place of his abode, that he might raise him to a better condition.

Lady B. T. related this.

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A few evenings after the second part of Mr. Kelly's Thespis appeared, in which the principal part of the performers of Covent Garden theatre are unmercifully flogged from shoulder to flank, and in which he at that time distinguished Mr. Rofs as almost crucified, a gentleman at the Queen's Arms, Paul's Church Yard, seeing the publisher come in, and not knowing Mr. Rofs was in

the room, bawled out to him, \*\*\*\*\* have you read the second part of *Thespis*, where *Ross* is cut to pieces? The publisher told him he had: "I never," says the gentleman, "read any passage in the severest criticism so poignant, the poor man is roasted alive!" Mr. *Ross* in the instant got up, and delivered himself to the company in the following expressive lines, which met with universal applause.

"I should have blush'd if *Cato's* house had stood  
"Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war."

Related by Garrick.

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The late ingenious and unfortunate Bob Lloyd, some time before his commitment to the Fleet-prison, formed a design of compiling a Dictionary for the use of schools, superior to any extant. Flush with this idea, he waited on a bookseller, to whom he communicated his intention. The bookseller had no hopes of Lloyd's success, till he told him he would engage to get his father's approbation of the work, who was second master of Westminster school, and which would secure an extensive sale throughout England.

The bookseller, on this information, began to count the imaginary hundreds, and instantly engaged him for six guineas a sheet.

Lloyd

Lloyd wrote a letter next day to the bookseller, and desired thirty pounds, as he could not stir out of his lodging till he had compounded with one of his creditors, who had some sharks on the look-out for him ; at the same time he told him he waited for a certain number of books in different languages to prosecute the work, which he desired might be sent him as soon as possible. The unsuspecting bookseller complied with his request. The books amounted to twenty pounds, which Lloyd no sooner received than he deposited with a pawn-broker for ten guineas, and then set out with a woman of the town on a country excursion.

But as a spendthrift's cup of happiness is soon dashed with gall, our poor poet found himself stripped of the cash in a few days, and returned to town penniless with his economical companion.

The bookseller waited for a considerable time for the fruits of Mr. Lloyd's genius and intense application, but he might as well have waited for the resurrection of Shakespear, or the tenth volume of Tristram Shandy from Dr. Priestly."

Related by the Ducheſs of Northumberland.

A young gentleman of family and fortune,  
but of abandoned principles, having long  
B 3 distinguished

distinguished himself, in the reign of Charles II. by highway robberies, and other desperate acts against society, was often apprehended, and sometimes convicted; but through the interest of his friends had always been pardoned. He was, at length, tried for murder, and condemned. Many of the nobility interceded in his favour, but to no effect; the king was inexorable.—He had the pen in his hand to sign the order for his execution, when some of the nobility threw a copy of a pardon upon the table before him.—The Duchess of Portsmouth, his chief favourite, standing at his right shoulder, took his hand gently within her own, and conducting it to the paper which had the pardon written on it, led his hand while he subscribed his name; the King not making the least resistance.—Shaking his head, and smiling, he threw the pardon to the nobleman who had interposed in the young man's behalf, adding, "Take care you keep the rascal out of my reach for the future." When this pardon was shewn to the Lord Chancellor Hyde, observing how badly the letters of the King's name were formed, he wittily remarked, "*When his majesty signed the pardon, justice had been fighting against mercy.*"

Related by Lord S——e.

Quin

Quin told lady Berkley that she looked blooming as the spring, but recollecting that the season was not then very promising, he added, I would to God! the spring would look like your ladyship.

Related by the late Lord Chesterfield.

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Santeuil having a confessional dress on, either to say vespers, or to muse upon some production, a lady, who took him for a confessor, threw herself upon her knees, and recounted all her sins. The poet muttered something to himself, and the good penitent thinking he was reproaching her for her wickedness, hastened the conclusion of her confession; when she found the confessor quite silent, she then asked him for absolution. "What, do you take me for a priest?" said Santeuil. "Why then," said the lady (quite alarmed) did you listen to me?" "And why (replied Santeuil) did you speak to me?" "I'll this instant go and complain of you to your Prior," said the enraged female. "And I," said the poet, "am going to your husband, to give him a full account of your conduct."

Related by Foote.

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The celebrated Lord Chesterfield held a considerable estate under the Dean and Chap-

ter of Westminster, and wanting to put in the life of the present Earl, the fine insisted upon was so very exorbitant, as to ruffle his lordship's temper in a great degree, though he was obliged to acquiesce in their demands. When the writings were ready, the lawyer carried them to his lordship, with the Dean and Chapter's compliments. Having signed them, "Well, (says the Earl) they sent their *compliments* to me, did they? then return my *compliments*, but tell them at the same time, that in matters of *business* I would sooner deal with the *Jewish* synagogue."

Related by Foote.

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On Christmas-eve a poor infirm old man went into a shop in the Seven Dials, which, from the similarity of the *sign of three muffins*, he mistook for the three balls of a pawn-broker, and offered a trifling article for a small sum, which he said was to relieve immediate want. Fortunately a certain amiable *demirep*, in the neighbourhood of Soho, was at the same time purchasing tea provender, who, while the shopman was explaining the mistake, gave the aged object two *guineas*. The poor man looked up to her with tears and astonishment, but before he could collect himself to thank her, she ran out of the shop.

—Ye

——Ye fat and greasy puritans, was not this an act of generosity and charity worthy the imitation of your *most religious moments*?

Related by General B.

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I cannot recollect a better contrast to this story than an anecdote related to my wife a few days ago by the amiable Duchess of R——.

The countess of A——d was solicited in a petition delivered by a very wretched cottager to grant her a little milk for a child in a very sickly state. The Countess, whose heart is of the very worst kind, turned upon the poor woman and asked her “How she could dare to deliver such a petition into her hands? did she take her house for an hospital, and herself for a silly physician who had nothing to do but to attend to the wretches around her?”——However, this lady’s second in command, her housekeeper, whose feelings come nearer to the amiable, overheard this bitter lecture, and made enquiry where the poor woman lived, where she sent every thing necessary for the afflicted child.

As these infernal spirits have always those of the same complexion to be of their cabinet, it so happened here; for the Countess had timely information of the housekeeper’s proceeding, and if it was not for the execrations it would lay her ladyship open to, there

is not a doubt but the humane woman would be cashiered.

Among a very large volume of anecdotes of this lady, I must mention another related to me some years ago by the immortal Marquis of Granby. One afternoon, in the burning month of September, the Countess and a veteran officer were walking in that part of the demesne next the road to Coventry, a small brook ran by the road, upon a bank beside which sat a wearied soldier, who was taking water with the spout of his hat from the stream, and drinking it. The officer instantly exclaim'd, "There, my Lady, there's an object for your benevolence! send your servant to the house for a cup of strong beer for the poor fellow." "Good Heavens, Colonel! (replied her Ladyship) do you imagine I brew my drink for travellers? You may as well ask me why I don't put up a sign." "And if you did, my Lady, it would not disgrace you; I mean the sign of Charity. However, I must do my duty," says the Colonel, walking out of the gate, and giving the soldier half a crown. "You had always a soft heart, Colonel," said her Ladyship with a sneer, on his return. "I hope, madam, (replied the Colonel) I shall never be such a villain to myself, and to the world, to part with it for a hard one."

Upon



Upon the arrival of the Duke and Duchefs of Cumberland at St. Omer's, nine prisoners closely shut up in the *chacot* had a state of their feveral cafes drawn out and prefented to her highnefs, fetting forth a moft indigent and piteous fituation, together with the gloomy profpect of durance for life, though not one of them it feems was convicted of any crime of a capital or atrocious nature. The Duchefs having confidered their petition, fent them a purfe of Louis d'ors, adding, that fhe dared not fo far to interfere with the police of the country, as to follicit their releafe.

The next day the commandant of the city repaired to the hotel of their royal highnefses, to acquaint them, that he was inftructed by the King of France to look upon his orders as the orders of his fovereign. On fo auspicious an occafion the Duchefs instantly laid before him the cafe of the unfortunate prisoners, and added, that by his declaration of the gracious intentions of his royal mafter, fhe flattered herfelf fhe might be releafed from the diftrefs of mind the mifery of thefe poor wretches had put her in. His excellency made a profound bow, begged permiffion to withdraw only for a few minutes, when the generous Frenchman returned to acquaint her royal highnefs that the poor men in queftion were

were all unbound, at the street-door, to return her thanks for their liberty.

Related by my wife, who had it from Lady C. F.

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Sir Simon Stuart, of Hartley, amusing himself with some old papers belonging to his family, found endorsed on the outside of a covenant, that 15,000 pieces of gold were buried in a certain field, so many feet from the ditch towards the south. These words appearing a kind of memorandum, the Baronet took a servant with him, and going to the place described, made him dig, and found the treasure in a large iron-pot, the mouth of which was covered with parchment, on which were written in legible characters the following words:

*The Devil shall have it sooner than Cromwell.*

Related by General H.

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In the year 1758, while the King of Prussia was besieging Olmutz, the French ambassador, alarmed at the probable consequences of that King's success, was desirous of persuading the Empress Queen to think of some terms of accommodation. He ventured to ask her, whether, in case of bad fortune, she would wait for her victorious enemy at Vienna, and stand a siege in her capital?

“No,

“No Sir, (said the Princess) when he advances to Vienna, I will retreat to Presburg.” “And what, madam, (replied the ambassador) if Vienna should not be able to arrest the conqueror in his progress? you will hardly throw yourself into the arms of the Turk?” “That I will never do, (answered the Empress); I will collect my faithful Hungarians, and perhaps I may give battle to the King before Presburg: should I be defeated, I will write a letter to him, in which I will let him know that our differences are inexpiable; that therefore I will meet him at a place to be named, in my post-chaise, with a brace of pistols; that we will draw up near to each other, and he shall then perceive, that I have a courage above my fortune, and a resolution superior to my sex.

Related by General A.

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Soon after the peace of Vervins, Henry the Fourth of France, returning from hunting, in a plain garb, and only two gentlemen with him, crossed the Seine in a common ferry boat. Perceiving the waterman did not know him, he asked him, what people said of the peace? “Faith,” answered the waterman, “as to this same fine peace, I know nothing of it; but every thing, I know is taxed,

taxed, even this old tool of a boat, so that I can scarce get a living." "Well, but (continued Henry the Fourth) does not the King intend to see the people eased?" "The King (replied Charon) "is well enough of himself ; but has a mistress, who must have so many fine cloaths gewgaws, and it is we pay for all : however, if he had her to himself, it would not be so much ; but she is devilishly belied, master, if she does not play the beast with two backs with some others." The King, who had been excessively diverted with the colloquy, sent next morning for the waterman, and made him repeat before the Duchess of Beaufort, without mincing a word, what he had said the evening before. Her Grace was so incensed, that nothing would serve her, but the King must immediately order him to be hanged. "Pho!" said the good-natured Monarch, "are you mad? Don't you see he is a poor devil, four-ed by distress. His boat shall pay no tax, and then he'll be continually singing, *Vive Henri! vive Gabrielli!*"

Related by Sir W. C.

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When Churchill's Prophecy of Famine made its appearance, which is undoubtedly his finest poem, the sale was rather dull.

Meet-

Meeting a gentleman in the pit of one of the theatres, Churchill asked if he heard how it sold. The gentleman informed him the sale was extensive since the Reviewers damned it. "Ay," says the poet, "that is fulfilling the scripture." "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings I have ordained strength."

Related by Garrick.

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The late Dr. Goldsmith, though one of the first characters of literature, was as great a novice in the common occurrences of life. His own heart perfectly harmless, he imagined every man he sat in company with possessed of the same.

The following anecdote will place this observation in a proper point of view.

Sitting one evening at the Globe-Tavern, Fleet Street, he called for a mutton-chop, which was no sooner placed on the table, than a gentleman, with whom he was intimately acquainted, turned up his nose, and asked how the doctor could suffer the waiter to place such a stinking chop before him. "Stinking!" says the Doctor? "in good truth I don't smell it." "I never smelt any thing so disagreeable in my life, (says the gentleman): the rascal deserves a caning for  
being

being so heedless to bring you such carrion.” “In good truth (says the poet) I think so too; but I will be less severe in my punishment.” He instantly called the waiter, and after persuading the poor fellow that the chop stunk worse than *assafoetida*, he insisted as a punishment that he should sit down and eat it himself. The waiter argued, but he might as well attempt to beat Charles Macklin out of an opinion; the doctor threatened to knock him down with his cane if he did not immediately comply with the punishment.

When the waiter had swallowed half the chop, the doctor gave him a glass of wine, thinking, with his usual good-nature, it would make the remainder of the sentence less painful. When the waiter had done, Goldsmith's friend burst into a horse laugh. “What in God's name ails you now?” says the poet. “Indeed, my dear friend, I could never think that any man, whose knowledge of letters was so extensive as your's, could be so great a dupe to a stroke of humour; the chop was as fine a one as I ever saw in my life.” “Was it?” says the doctor, “then I shall never give credit to what you say again, and so, in good truth, I think I am even with you.”

Related by Earl N——.

The

The Duke of D——, on his return from Hyde-park this morning, told me he met with Lord Chesterfield in a very sickly state taking the air in his carriage: they had not conversed many minutes, when Foote rode up, to enquire after his lordship's health. "Well, Sam, (says the witty earl) what part do you play to-night?" "Lady Dowager \* Whitfield," replied the wag. "I am going to cut a figure myself," says his lordship. "You have long cut a splendid figure, my Lord," says Foote. "It may be so, (says his Lordship, with a smile) but I am now, Sir, rehearsing the principal character in the *Funeral*."

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An agreeable woman, to whom Santeuil owed some money, meeting him one day at a private house, asked him the reason she had not seen him so long: "is it because you owe me something?" "No, madam, (replied the poet) that is not what prevents my visiting, and you are the cause that you are not paid." "How so?" said the lady. "Because (said he) whenever I see you, I forget every thing."

Related by Foote.

The

\* Mother Cole in the Minor.

The mildness of Sir Isaac Newton's temper through the course of his life, commanded admiration from all who knew him, but in no one instance perhaps more than the following: Sir Isaac had a favourite little dog, which he called Diamond; and being one day called out of his study into the next room, Diamond was left behind. When Sir Isaac returned, having been absent but a few minutes, he had the mortification to find, that Diamond, having thrown down a lighted candle among some papers, the nearly finished labour of many years was in flames, and almost consumed to ashes. This loss, as Sir Isaac was then very far advanced in years, was irretrievable; yet, without once striking the dog, he only rebuked him with this exclamation, "Oh! Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!"

Related by the Bishop of E. and C.

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When the illustrious Alfred, King of Britain, was repulsed by a superior army to his own, he was obliged to submit to the wretched necessity of the times. Accordingly he assumed a disguise the most likely to conceal him; and, after having properly disposed of his family, and settled a method of communication with some trusty friends, he engaged himself



himself in the service of his own cow-herd. The wife of the herdsman was ignorant of the rank of her royal guest, and seeing him one day busy by the fire-side, in trimming his bow and arrows, she desired him to take care of some cakes that were baking at the fire, while she was employed in other domestic affairs; but Alfred, whose thoughts were otherwise engaged, forgot the cakes, and the woman, on her return, finding them burnt, chid the king very severely, telling him, that he was always willing enough to eat her hot cakes, though he was negligent in turning them. The patient prince entreated her pardon, and promised to be more careful for the future.

Related by Colonel C.

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A clown in Berkshire employed to draw timber from a wood, met with an oak trunk of so large a size, that the tackle he made use of to place it on the carriage broke twice in the trial. Hodge flung his hat on the ground, and scratching his head with much vexation, exclaimed, "Damn the hogs that didn't eat thee when thee was an acorn, and then I shouldn't have had this trouble with thee."

Related by Doctor H.

A Negro

A Negro in the Island of St. Christopher's had so cruel a master, that he dreaded the sight of him. After exercising much tyranny among his slaves, the planter died, and left his son heir to his estates. Some short time after his death, a gentleman meeting the negro, asked him how his young master behaved—"I suppose," says he, "he's a chip of the old block." "No, no," says the negro, "Massa be all block himself."

Related by Sir C. H.

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Christopher Smart, the ingenious author of an incomparable Poem on the Attributes of the Supreme Being, and other excellent pieces; composed, in one of his solitary walks, a few of the prettiest lines I have for some time met with. They are not among his works, nor in print. I believe the contemplative mind will read them with much pleasure.

"A Raven once an acorn took  
 From Basan's tallest, stoutest tree,  
 He hid it near a limpid brook,  
 And liv'd——another oak to see.——  
 Thus melancholy buries hope,  
 Which fear still keeps alive;  
 And bids us with misfortunes cope,  
 And all calamity survive.——

Related by Lord S.

When

When Mr. Garrick was last in France, he happened to be in company with a select party, among whom was the celebrated French actress Mademoiselle Clairon. After the conversation had shifted to a variety of subjects, Mr. Garrick related the following fact, of which he had been an eye-witness in one of the provinces of France.

A father was fondling his child at an open window, from whence they looked into the street; by one unlucky effort, the child sprang from his father's arms, fell upon the ground, and died upon the spot. Mr. Garrick immediately threw himself into the attitude in which the father appeared at the time the child leaped from his arms. 'The influence which the representation of the father's agony produced on the company, exhibited by this darling son of Nature, in the silent but expressive language of unutterable sorrow, is easier to be imagined than expressed; let it suffice to say, that the greatest astonishment was succeeded by abundant tears.

As soon as the company had recovered from their agitation, Mademoiselle Clairon caught Mr. Garrick in her arms, and kissed him; then turning to Mrs. Garrick, she apologized for her conduct, by saying, it was an involuntary mark of her applause.

Related by Lord N.

The

The ancients spoke of humanity in a less studied phrase than we; but they knew better than we how to practise it. There is a passage in Plutarch which may be applied to them and us with propriety, and which I cannot forbear transcribing. "At the theatre in Athens, a venerable old man was looking about for a seat; which some young ones at a distance perceiving, they beckoned him to come to them, intimating they would make room for him; but when he came near them, they filled up their seat, and made a jest of him. The old man went from seat to seat, in great confusion; being all the while ridiculed by the Athenian youth. But the Spartan ambassadors being present, and seeing his distress, rose up, and placed him honourably in the midst of them. The transaction was noticed by the whole audience, and the behaviour of the Spartans was received with universal applause: whilst the old man shook his head, and cried, *What a pity the Athenians should know what good manners are, but that the Lacedemonians only should put them in practice!*"

Related by Dr. J.—n.

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A Sultan amusing himself with walking, observed a Dervise sitting with a human skull in his lap: not observing his Majesty, the reverend old man was looking very earnestly at the skull, and appeared to be in a profound reverie.

reverie. His attitude and manner surprized the Sultan, who approached him, and demanded the cause of his being so deeply engaged in reflection. "Sire," said the Dervise, "this skull was presented to me this morning, and I have from that moment been endeavouring, in vain, to discover whether it is the skull of a powerful monarch, like your Majesty, or of a poor Dervise, like myself."

Related by Quin.

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Some old soldiers going to be shot for a breach of discipline, at their passing by Marshal Turenne, pointed to the scars on their faces and breasts. What speech could come up to this? and it had the desired effect.

Related by General Amherst.

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By the death of Madame Geoffrin, there are about two hundred poetasters, who in all probability will never wear velvet again; that lady was so particularly nice in her taste, that she complimented every author, who sung her praises at Christmas, with a pair of velvet breeches: it is computed by a member of her society, that no less than four thousand pair of velvet breeches have been worn out in the poetical service of that lady.

Communicated to my wife by lady C—F—.

The

The following incident, which occurred in a Caledonian courtship, exhibiting the true *ridiculum sublime*, is as veritable, as laughable :——A son of medicine (a doctor Sh—w) *in vital date, climacterically verging*, having *purse* as well as *person* in perspective, breathed out his amorous sighs to the daughter of a Baronet. The lady, prone to jocularity, seemed to listen to his suit, solely for the reception of that entertainment *grey haired* folly renders in attempting the characteristics of *juvenility*. The doctor one day was to pay a visit in form to the goddess of his idolatry ; on this occasion he was determined to be as *Adonis-like* in habiliments as possible. It is requisite to be known, that the doctor was a man who scorned to be thought of the sect of *Peripatetics*, when he appeared, it was in the *stale equestrian*, and his steed, in *lack of flesh*, and shew of *ossification*, paced in *singularity* ; on his *automaton* of bones he was to be carried to the house of the lady in question, and forward he set for the interview : the doctor was never remarked for a frequent *mutation* in *linen*, he had a particular *attachment* for a shirt when once it met in *contact* with his skin, and before they were *separated* the natural *blanche* of the *one* was somewhat sullied by its *intimacy* with the *other* ; on such an important an event as the present, he was guilty of deviation, and resolving to be profuse, he took  
an

an *immaculate* shirt, and put it, *not* on, but in his *pocket*, prudently considering, that in the action of riding, its honours might be tarnished, and its appearance not so white; to prevent this, he resolved to put it on when he should come within a small distance of the scene of his wishes: arrived at this settled distance, the doctor proceeded to disrobe his upper garments, still sitting on his horse, his hat, his wig, his coat, his waistcoat, were taken off, and laid on the pommel of the saddle, his hands were employed in stripping his *saffron-hued* skin-case over his head:—In this critical moment malignant fate reigning, his visual ray precluded by the coverings of his shirt, his faithful Pegasus received *affright* from *somewhat* in the road, set off with the doctor in *demi-nudity*, and ran with him in *statu quo* (instinctively knowing from frequency in going his master's destination) to the door of the very house he had hoped to enter with every minutiae of dress adjusted. His *Quixote*-like appearance threw the family into such paroxysms of laughter, as precluded the operations of speech, or the means of assisting the distressed doctor: The lady, in the doctor's disgrace, received the extremest entertainment, and though she liked human nature in its *primitive* state, gave the doctor to understand his *period* in it was not her choice.

Related with exquisite humour by that excellent companion, Lord Viscount T——d.

C

While

While I was taking a walk in my garden this morning, in company with General A—, he told me the following anecdote, which may prove a useful lesson to all officers.

At the siege of Lisle, in Queen Anne's time, upon an attack of some of the out-works, the grenadiers of the 15th regiment of foot were obliged to retire, by the springing of a mine, or by the superiority of the enemy's fire. In this retreat the Lieutenant of these grenadiers, remarkable for his ill-treatment of them, was wounded, and fell. The grenadiers were passing on, nor heeded his intreaties to help him off. At last he laid hold of a pair of shoes that was tied to the waist-belt of one of them: The grenadier, regardless of his situation, and in resentment of his former ill usage, took out a knife from his pocket, with which he cut the string, and left them with him, with this remarkable expression. *There! there is a new pair of shoes for you, to carry you to hell.*—Had this unhappy man, by his good behaviour, gained the love of his men, every one of them would have, perhaps, risked his own life to have saved that of his officer.

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On the thirtieth of January, (the martyrdom of King Charles the First) Quin used to say, Every King in Europe would rise with a crick in his neck.

This I had from himself.

A coun-



A country cousin of the late celebrated satirist Mr. Churchill, coming to town in the summer time, he took her to Westminster-abbey, to shew her the tombs, and from thence to both Houses of Parliament; and when they were in the House of Commons, he said to her, "This is St. Stephen's chapel." "Lard! cousin," said she, "it is not like a chapel." "Not much," replied Churchill, "but it is very like the temple at Jerusalem in our Saviour's time:" "Aye!" said she, "was the Temple built in this manner?" "No," replied he, "the similitude is not in the building, but in the service performed in it; for this chapel, like the Jews temple, is not so much a house of prayer, as a place of marketing, jobbing, cheating, buying, selling, and money-changing." "Lard blefs me! (said she) and what do they buy and sell in it?" "Why, (said he) They buy places and pensions, and sell their conscience and their country.

Related by the celebrated Lord Holland.

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One of the King's soldiers in the civil wars being full of zeal and liquor, staggered against a church, and, clapping the wall of it repeatedly with his hand, hiccupped out "D——n you, you b——h, never fear——— I'll stand by you to the last."

Related by the late Bishop of Gloucester.

The present Lord O—— being under the correction of his school-master, received the following reproachful accompaniment of the rod:——“*One of your ancestors invented an Orrery, and another of them gave to the world a translation of Pliny,—but you, I fear, will never invent any thing but mischief, nor translate any thing but an idle boy into a foolish man; so that, instead of myrtle, you shall be honoured with birch.*”

Related by Earl N——.

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An Italian Bishop struggled through great difficulties without repining, and met with much opposition in discharging of his episcopal function, without ever betraying the least impatience.

An intimate friend of his, who highly admired those virtues which he thought it impossible to imitate, one day asked the Prelate if he could communicate the secret of being *always easy*? “Yes, (replied the old man) I can teach you my secret, and with great facility; it consists in nothing more than making a right use of my eyes.” His friend begged him to explain himself. “Most willingly, (returned the Bishop); in whatever state I am, I first of all look up to Heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to go

go there; I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it when I come to be interred; I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are who, in all respects, are more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our cares must end, and how very little reason I have to repine or complain."

Related by the amiable Lord Lyttelton.

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When Lord B——m returned from the V——p of Ireland, I asked him his opinion of the stage in that country: he replied, "It was conducted so very badly by Ryder, (the then manager) that if he had not been passionately fond of plays, he would have never attended. Among many other singular traits of the performers there, he mentioned the following: One night, Moss, a good lowcomedian, but full of the furor of extravagance in his acting, played the character of Lovegold in the comedy of the Miser; to give an additional, and, as he thought, a happy stroke to the part, when he was frantic for the loss of his money, he ran to the front of the stage, and snatched the harpsicord player's wig off, exclaiming as loud as he could "*You have got my money! you have got my money!*"

*ney! and I'll keep your wig till you return it!"* The gentlemen of Cecilia's band instantly clapt their hands on their heads, to secure their wigs, and immediately quitted the orchestra. The poor man, whose bald head had been exposed, and the sight of which got the ridiculous player a thunder of applause, could get no satisfaction from Mofs for the insult, who called it a theatrical joke.

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The late Duke of Ancaster, when Lord Lindsay, went into Lincolnshire to raise men for the service in America. During his stay in that county he so eminently distinguished himself by his generosity and affability, that he gained the good-will, not only of all the gentry, but of every individual in the neighbourhood; so captivating was his manner among the lower rank of people, that every day he made a fresh acquisition of recruits; among the rest, a country fellow, the only son of an old widow woman, from whose industry she derived her support, in imitation of the example of some of his companions, in the hour of gaiety enlisted into the service: the report of it soon reached the ears of his mother, who next morning waited on his lordship, requesting a discharge for her son, representing to him her situation in the most lively

lively colours, whilst the tears ran down her aged and furrowed cheeks.——His lordship, with that tenderness peculiar to him, turned upon his heel to conceal his emotion: when he had recovered himself, he turned, took the poor woman by the hand, and taking five guineas from his pocket, gave them to her, saying, “Good woman, you are poor—take this—from this moment your son is discharged—for the King, my master, never wishes to recruit his forces by oppressing the widow or the helpless.”

Related by the Duchess of H——n.

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A dragoon was shot in Dublin for desertion, and taking away his horse and accoutrements at the same time. When on his trial, an officer asked him what could induce him to take his horse away? To which he replied “*he ran away with him.*” What, (said the officer) did you do with the money you sold him for? That, please your honour, (said the fellow with the utmost indifference) *ran away too.*”

Related by Lord Viscount T——d.

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The glorious answer of the Viscount D’Ortez to Charles the Ninth is never to be

forgotten. It was to this effect:——  
“Sire, I have read the letter enjoining a massacre of the Hugonots, to the inhabitants of Bayonne. Your Majesty has many faithfully devoted subjects in this city, but not one executioner.”

Related by my Father.

---

Two soldiers went to see Marshal Saxe's tomb; after standing some time in all the silence of awe and grief, each drew his sabre, and passed it over the stone which covers that great man's remains, then went away without speaking a word. Let any one try to express more energetically the confidence and regard of those two men towards him.

Related by General Monkton.

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A poor woman, who had seen better days, understanding that Dr. Goldsmith studied physick, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him in a letter to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state by continual anguish. The good natured poet waited on her instantly, and after some discourse with his patient, found him sinking fast into that worst of sickness, poverty. The  
doctor

doctor told them they should hear from him in an hour, when he would send some pills which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home and put ten guineas into a chip-box, with the following label.

*These must be used as your necessities require : be patient and of good heart.*

He sent his servant with this prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found it superior to any thing Galen or his tribe of pupils could administer for his relief.

Related by the Marquis of Rockingham.

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The term of Kit Cat painting arose from those celebrated wits, Addison, Congreve, Steele, &c. being drawn less than half-length, and being put up in a club-room which they frequented many years. These portraits were most of them drawn by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and were afterwards given to Jacob Tonson, the bookseller. The man who kept the tavern was called Christopher Cat; from whence it was called the Kit Cat club; and that size in painting Kit Cat also.

Related by old Earl Bathurst.

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Meeting the Duke of M—— at the levee  
at St. J——'s one day, for want of other  
C 5 chat

chat I told him the following story, which I had from George S——n.

Two friends, who had not seen each other for a long while, met one day by accident. ——How do you do, says one? “So so,” replies the other; “and yet I was married since you and I were together.”——That is good news.——“Not very good—for it was my lot to chuse a termagant.”——It is pity. ——“I hardly think so—for she brought me two thousand pounds.”——Well, there is comfort.——“Not much—for with her fortune I purchased a quantity of sheep, and they are all dead of the rot.”——That is indeed distressing.——“Not so distressing as you may imagine—for by the sale of their skins I got more than the sheep cost me.” In that case you are indemnified ——“By no means—for my house and all my money have been destroyed by fire.”——Alas, this was a dreadful misfortune!——“Faith, not so dreadful—for my termagant wife and my house were burned together.”

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The Khalif Haroun Alraschid was accosted one day by a poor woman, who complained that his soldiers had pillaged her house, and laid waste her grounds. The Khalif desired her to recollect the words of the Alcoran, “that when princes go forth to battle, the people



people through whose fields they pass, must suffer."——"Yes," says the woman; "but it is also written in the same book, that the habitations of those princes, who authorize injustice, shall be made desolate." This bold and just reply had a powerful effect upon the Khalif; who ordered immediate reparation to be made her.

Related by Lord Le Despenser.

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La Fontaine, the celebrated French fabulist, a day or two after losing his generous patroness, Madame de la Sabliere, whose house was his home, met his acquaintance, M. de Hervart: "My dear La Fontaine (said that worthy man to him) I have heard of your misfortune, and was going to propose your coming to live with me." *I was going to you.*——answered La Fontaine.

Related by the late amiable Lady Courtenay.

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Mr. L——, after a battle, finds a grenadier sitting at the foot of a tree, wrapped up in a cloak, who very composedly said to him;—"Noble General, order these wounded men to be taken care of, as their lives may be still saved." Well but, friend (said the officer) have you no thought about yourself?"——  
The

The grenadier answered with drawing up his cloak, and shewing both his thighs carried off in the middle.

Related by the late Lord Howe.

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When Casimir the second, King of Poland, was Prince of Sandomir, he won at play all the money of one of his nobility, who incensed at his ill-fortune, struck the prince a blow on the ear in the heat of passion.—He fled immediately from justice, but being pursued and overtaken, he was condemned to lose his head;—yet the generous Casimir determined otherwise: “I am not surprised (said he) at the gentleman’s conduct; for not having it in his power to revenge himself of Fortune, no wonder he should attack her favourite.” After which he revoked the sentence, returned the nobleman his money, and declared that himself alone was faulty; as he had encouraged, by his example, a pernicious practice, that might terminate in the ruin of hundreds of his people.

Related by the Earl of S——e.

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Dr. Sheridan, the celebrated friend of Swift, had a custom of ringing his scholars to prayers in his school-room at a certain hour every

every day. The boys were one day very devoutly at prayers, except one, who was stifling a laugh as well as he could, which arose from seeing a rat descending from the bell-rope into the room. The poor boy could hold out no longer, but burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which set the others agoing when he pointed to the cause. Sheridan was so provoked, that he declared he would whip them all if the principal culprit was not pointed out to him; which was immediately done. The poor pupil of Momus was immediately hoisted, and his posteriors laid bare to the rod, when the witty schoolmaster, told him if he said any thing tolerable on the occasion, as he looked on him as the greatest dunce in his school, he would forgive him. The trembling culprit with very little hesitation addressed his master with the following beautiful distich,

There was a Rat—for want of stairs,  
Came down a rope—to go to pray'rs.

Sheridan instantly dropp'd the rod, and, instead of a whipping, gave him half a crown.

Related by the late Earl Bathurst, who had it from Swift.

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I have often remarked that the worthiest members of society have ever met with sudden deaths. The late amiable and celebrated  
Dr.

Dr. Berkely, bishop of Cloyne, made a singular exit from this world. As he was sitting in the midst of his family, listening to a sermon of Dr. Sherlock's, which his lady was reading to him, he was seized with what the physicians term a palsy in the heart, and instantly expired. The accident was so sudden, that his body was quite cold, and his joints stiff, before it was discovered; as the bishop lay on a couch, and seemed to be asleep, till his daughter, on presenting him with a dish of tea, first perceived his insensibility.

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It was a beautiful turn given by a great lady, who being asked, where her husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy? resolutely answered, She had hid him. This confession drew her before the King, who told her, nothing but her discovering where her lord was concealed, could save her from the torture. And will that do, says the lady? Yes, says the King, I give you my word for it. Then, says she, I have hid him in my heart, where you'll find him; which surprising answer charmed her enemies.

This I had from Lady Courtenay,

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The wife of a farmer on my estate near Richmond was taken in labour: the farmer wished

wished for a son, and waited in the next room for the intelligence: it proved a boy, and the man jumped from his chair and clapped his hands with ecstasy. A few minutes after the maid servant came in, and told him her mistress was delivered of another child, a fine girl: "a girl! (said the farmer with astonishment): "well, well, we must endeavour to give it a bit of bread." A short while after the girl appeared again, and told him her mistress was delivered of a lovely boy! "What, another child!" (said the farmer, almost frantic with surprise) d—n it, Nanny, *is your mistress pigging?"*

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When the splendid folio edition of Cæsar's Commentaries, by Clarke, published on purpose to be presented to the great Duke of Marlborough, was lately sold at the sale of Mr. Topham Beauclerk's library for forty four pounds; it was accompanied with an anecdote respecting that gentleman's mode of acquiring that copy, which deserves to be made publick. Upon the death of an officer, who had the book in his possession, his mother being informed that it was of some value, wished to dispose of it; and being told Mr. Topham Beauclerk was a proper person to offer it to, she waited upon him for that purpose.

purpose. He asked what she required for it, and being answered four guineas, took it without hesitation, though unacquainted with the real value of the book. Being desirous, however, of an information with respect to the nature of the purchase he had made, he went to an eminent bookseller, and enquired of him what he would give for such a book; the bookseller replied, seventeen guineas. Mr. B——, actuated by principles of strict justice and benevolence, went immediately to the person who sold him the book, and telling her she had been mistaken in the value of the book, not only gave her the additional thirteen guineas, but also bestowed a further gratuity upon her. This anecdote is recorded with the greatest satisfaction, as it does justice to the memory of a character lately conspicuous amongst us for erudition and talents.

Related by Edmund Burke.

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In my juvenile days I was passionately fond of acting in private plays; at this period a few of my companions proposed that we should play Richard the Third: I was deputed to play Richmond, which I neglected studying till the morning prior to the day of performance. I got up betimes, and walked down a lane adjoining to my father's house, so intent upon the book in my hand, that I did  
not

not perceive a filthy ditch before me : I had scarce uttered with heroic dignity (as I walked on) *Thus far we've got into the bowels of the land*, when I heedlessly stepped from the lane, and found myself up to the middle in the mire !

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While a sailor's sentence was pronouncing, who committed a robbery on the highway, he raised a piece of rolled tobacco to his mouth, and held it between his teeth. When the sentence was finished, he bit off a piece of the tobacco, and began to chew it with great unconcern.—“ Sirrah ! (said the Judge, piqued at his indifference) do you know that you are to be hanged in a very short time ? ” “ So I hear,” said the sailor, squirting a little tobacco juice from his mouth at the same time, —“ Do you know (rejoined the Judge) where you shall go when you die ? ” —“ I cannot tell, indeed, an't please your honour,” said the sailor.” —“ Why then (cried the Judge, with a tremendous voice) I will tell you : you will go to hell.” —“ If I should, (replied the sailor with perfect tranquility) I hope, my Lord, I shall be able to bear it.”

Related by Judge Blackstone.

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The late Marchioness of Tavistock, mother to the present Duke of Bedford, a short time previous

previous to her death, when she was preparing to go to Lisbon for the recovery of her health, a consultation of Physicians was held at Bedford-house; and one of the gentlemen present desired, whilst he felt her purse, that she would open her hand. Her frequent refusals occasioned him to take the liberty of forcing the fingers gently asunder, when he perceived she had them shut to conceal the miniature picture of the Marquis. "O, Madam! (observed the Physician) my prescriptions must be useless, if your Ladyship is determined to keep before your eyes the representation of an object, which, though deservedly dear to you, serves only to confirm the violence of your illness." "I have kept the picture (answered the Marchioness) either in my bosom, or in my hand, ever since the death of my dear Lord; and thus I am determined to preserve it, 'till I fortunately drop after him into the grave."

Related by the Duchess of B——.

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The following whimsical accident happened the first season of the representation of the Fair Penitent.

*Lothario*, after he was kill'd by *Altamont* in the 4th act, lies dead by proxy in the 5th, raised on a bier covered with black by the *property-*



*periy-man*, and the face whitened by the barber, the coat and perriwig \* generally filled by one of the dressers. Most of the capital actors in the established theatres have generally a dresser to themselves, though they are paid by the manager, to be ready on all occasions, for stage-guards, attendants, &c.

Mr. *Powell* played *Lothario*, and one *Warren*, his dresser, claimed a right of lying for his master, and performing the dead part of *Lothario*, which he proposed to act to the best advantage, though *Powell* was ignorant of the matter. The fifth act began, and went on as usual, with applause; but about the middle of the distressful scene, *Powell* called for his man *Warren*, who as loudly replied from the bier on the stage, *Here, Sir!* *Powell* (who, as I said before, was ignorant of the part this man was doing) repeated without loss of time, *Come here this moment, you son of a whore! or I'll break all the bones in your skin.* *Warren* knew his hasty temper; therefore, without any reply, jumped off, with all his fables about him, which, unfortunately, were tied fast to the handles of the bier, and dragg'd after him. But this was not all; the laugh and roar began in the audience, 'till it frightened poor *Warren* so much, that with the bier at his tail,

\* The Players appeared in perriwigs in those days.

tail, he threw down *Calista*, (Mrs. Barry,) and overwhelmed her with the table, lamp, book, bones, together with all the lumber of the charnel-house. He tugged 'till he broke off his trammels, and made his escape; and the play, at once, ended with immoderate fits of laughter: even the grave Mr. Betterton

*Smil'd in the tumult, and enjoy'd the storm.*

But he would not let the Fair Penitent be played any more that season, 'till poor Warren's misconduct was something forgot.

Related to me when a boy by Mrs. Woffington.

The following is a striking anecdote of the reputation Mr. Cunningham, the celebrated pastoral poet, had acquired in Edinburgh previous to his final departure in 1763. Mr. Diggs, (the Roscius of the North) for the first time in his life undertook the character of Bayes, in the comedy of the Rehearsal; and the part of Johnson was allotted to Mr. J. Aickin, now of Drury-lane theatre, as was that of Smith to Mr. Cunningham. The reader may remember the liberty which Smith (who is supposed to be a gentleman of taste, just arrived from the country, and an utter stranger to the ridiculous innovations which had been made by the wits of the age

upon

upon the rules of the drama) repeatedly talks of objecting to the plot, characters, &c. of Mr. Bayes's piece. In the comedy in question, occasional interpolations by the actors have been long allowed. Prompted by a sudden impulse of friendship, Mr. Aickin accordingly, while the crack-brained Bayes was venting forth to Smith the contempt he entertained for his criticisms, pulled aside the former, and thus, in character, addressed himself to him: "Take care, Mr. Bayes, (said he) how you talk to my friend Mr. Smith; he is himself a favourite of the Muses, and has already produced several pieces which are universally admired." A numerous and polite audience acknowledged the truth of the compliment with three bursts of applause: poor Cunningham, at the same time, overpowered with astonishment, with gratitude, and with joy, remained upon the stage trembling, confounded, and almost disabled from going on with his part; while Mr. Aickin enjoyed the heart-felt satisfaction of having paid a well-timed tribute of justice to the man he esteemed.

Related by the Duchess of Northumberland.

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Philips, the noted Harlequin, was taken up in London for suspicion of debt, and dealt with

with the honest officer in the following manner. He first called for liquor in abundance, and treated all about him, to the no small joy of the bailiff, who was rejoiced to have a calf that bled so well, (as they term it). Harlequin made the honest bailiff believe he had six dozen of wine ready pack'd up, which he would send for to drink while in custody, and likewise allow him six-pence a bottle for drinking it in his own chamber. Shoulder-dab listen'd to the proposal with pleasure. The bailiff went to the place, as directed, and returned with joy, to hear that it should be sent in the morning early. Accordingly it came by a porter, sweating under his load: the Turnkey called to his master, and told him the porter and hamper were come in: Very well, (says he) then let nothing but the porter and hamper out. The porter performed his part very well: came heavily in with an empty hamper, and seemed to go lightly out, with Philips on his back. He was dis-hampered at an ale-house near the water-side, cross'd the Thames, and, soon after embarked for Ireland. He was very fond of this trick, and would take pride in his project, which was contrived long before he was taken, to be ready on such an emergency.

Related by Garrick.

Mr.

Mr. T——, the celebrated Tour-writer, was asked by a lady, on his return from Ireland, what sort of dramatic exhibitions he had seen in that kingdom? Those in Dublin, he said, came nearer the representations in London than what he had seen in any other city there: “the people of that city, madam, (said he) have more money, and less pride, and consequently better manners. When I was in Limerick, that sink of the kingdom for pride and beggary, for insolence and ignorance, I attended the representation of two of Shakespeare’s best tragedies, Romeo and Juliet, and Hamlet, when, to my astonishment, the instant the funeral of Juliet appeared, and the band of singers began the dirge, the major part of the audience set up the Irish howl, taking it for a real funeral; and when the *grave-digger* in Hamlet began the first stave of his song, a number of fellows from the gallery pelted him with apples, pronouncing him the most unfeeling rascal in the world, nor would they suffer him to proceed, but called out for another grave-digger, whom their spokesman questioned thus, *Can you sing*, Mr. WHATCH’O’CUM? Not I, faith and troth, (said the fellow) don’t you remember hissing me, my jewel, in old Jenkins, last night? “Very true, (said the gallery

lery hero), " then you may dig away as fast as you can."\*

Related with infinite humour by Captain J——n.

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Miss Hamilton, a maid of honour to the empress Catherine, wife to Peter the Great, had an amour, which, at different times, produced three children. She had always pleaded sickness, but Peter, being suspicious, ordered his physician to attend her, who soon made the discovery. It also appeared that a sense of shame had triumphed over her humanity, and that the children had been put to death as soon as born.

Peter enquired if the father of them was privy to the murder; the lady insisted that he was innocent, for she had always deceived him, by pretending they were sent to nurse.

Justice

\* In relating this anecdote to Lord M——y, he informed me that the people of Cork were little better civilized in repeating dramatic exhibitions; for they so far mistook excellence, that they *biffed* the celebrated Mr. Smith of Drury-lane theatre in one of his best comic characters, when he visited that city some few years ago in company with the beautiful Mrs. Hartley. The people of Cork about half a century ago had the pleasure of seeing at one time on their stage, the best performers in the three kingdoms, and their sons, and sons sons, to make use of an Irish blunder, must be competent judges of acting to the end of time.

Justice now called upon the emperor to punish the offence. The lady was much beloved by the empress, who pleaded for her; the amour was pardonable, but not the murder. Peter sent her to the castle, and went himself to visit her; and the fact being confessed, he pronounced her sentence with tears; telling her that his duty, as a prince, and God's vicegerent, called on him for that justice which her crime had rendered indispensably necessary, and that she must, therefore, prepare for death. He attended her also to the scaffold, where he embraced her with the utmost tenderness, mixed with sorrow; and some say, that when the head was struck off, he took it up by the ear, whilst the lips were still trembling, and kissed them: a circumstance of an extraordinary nature, and yet not incredible, considering the peculiarities of his character.

Related by my father.

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One evening, at the countess of Walstein's, the present Emperor of Germany enumerated some remarkable and ludicrous instances of the inconveniencies of etiquette which had occurred at a certain court. One person present hinted at the effectual means his Majesty had used to banish every inconveniency

D

of

of that kind from the court of Vienna. To which he replied, "It would be hard, indeed, if, because I have the ill fortune to be an Emperor, I should be deprived of the pleasures of social life, which are so much to my taste. All the grimace and parade to which people in my situation are accustomed from their cradle, have not made me so vain, as to imagine that I am in any essential quality superior to other men; and, if I had any tendency to such an opinion, the surest way to get rid of it is the method I take of mixing in society, where I have daily occasions of finding myself inferior in talents to those I meet with. Conscious of this, it would afford me no enjoyment to assume airs of a superiority which I feel does not exist. I endeavour therefore to please and be pleased; and as much as the inconveniency of my situation will permit, to enjoy the blessings of society like other men, convinced that the man who is secluded from those, and raises himself above friendship, is also raised above happiness, and deprived of the means of acquiring knowledge."

Communicated to my eldest son by Lord S—.

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Dr. Hugh Latimer, one of the primitive reformers, was raised to the bishoprick of Worcester



Worcester in the reign of Henry VIII. It was the custom of those times for each of the bishops to make presents to the king of a purse of gold on a New Year's day. Bishop Latimer went with the rest of his brethren to make the usual offering, but instead of a purse of gold, presented the king with a New Testament, in which was a leaf doubled down to this passage, "*Whoremongers and Adulterers God will judge.*" Such characters as this in the present age would be valuable.

Related by Dr. Newton, Bishop of Bristol.

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The late David Hume, Esq; lived in the *new town* of *Edinburgh*; between which and the *old town*, there is a communication, by means of an elegant bridge over a swamp. Desirous one day to cut his way shorter, Mr. Hume took it into his head to pass over a temporary one, which had been erected for general accommodation, 'till the new one could be completed. Unfortunately, part of the temporary bridge gave way, and our illustrious philosopher found himself stuck in the mud. On hearing him call aloud for assistance, an old woman hastened to the spot, from whence the sound seemed to issue; but

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perceiving

perceiving who he was, refused giving him any help. "What, (cried she), are you not *Hume the Atheist?*" "Oh no! no! no! (returned the philosopher), "I am no *Atheist*; indeed you mistake, good woman, you do indeed!" "Let me hear then, (returned the other), if you can say the Belief."——Mr. Hume accordingly began the words, *I believe in God, &c.* and finished them with so much propriety, that the old woman, convinced of his *christian education*, charitably afforded him that relief which otherwise she would have thought it a duty of religion to deny him.

Related by the Earl of B——.

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The most wonderful anecdote, perhaps, in the world of letters is the following. Milton, that glory of British literature, received not above ten pounds at two different payments for the copy of *Paradise Lost*; yet Mr. Hoyle, author of the treatise on the game of Whist, after having disposed of all the first impression, sold the copy to the bookseller for *two hundred guineas!*

Related by Dr. Newton, Bishop of Bristol.

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The new 90 gun ship, the *Atlas*, lately launched at Chatham, had at her head the figure

figure of Atlas supporting the globe. By an error, the globe was placed so high, that part of it was obliged to be cut away before the bowsprit could be fitted in. This part happened to be no other than all North America, and the carpenter who cut it away was an American.

Related by Admiral B.

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Some years ago a stranger, dressed in a plain citizen's attire, took his seat at the Pharo table at Aix la Chapelle, when the bank was proclaimed more than commonly rich. After having some little time engaged in the common play of the table, he challenged the bank, and tossed his pocket book to the banker, that he might not question his faculties of payment in case he lost. The banker, surprised at the boldness of the adventurer, and no less so at his ordinary appearance, at first hesitated to accept the challenge; but on opening the book, and seeing bills to a prodigious amount, and on the stranger's sternly and repeatedly insisting on his compliance with the laws of the game, with much reluctance he prepared the cards for the great event. The surprise was naturally great, and all eyes attentive to the affrighted banker, who, while the stranger sat unruffled and unconcerned, turned up the

card which decided his ruin and the other's success. The table of course was immediately broken up, and the stranger, in triumph, with perfect coolness and serenity of features, turned to a person who stood at his elbow, to whom he gave orders for the charge of the money. Heavens! exclaimed an old infirm officer in the Austrian service, (and who had sat next to him at the table), if I had the twentieth part of your success this night, I should be the happiest man in the universe." "If thou wouldst be this happy man, (replied the stranger, briskly) then thou shalt have it; and, without waiting his reply, disappeared from the room. Some little time afterwards, the entrance of a servant astonished the company, as much with the extraordinary generosity of the stranger, as with his peculiar good fortune, by presenting the Austrian officer with the twentieth part of the bank: "Take this, Sir, (says the servant) my master requires no answer;" and he suddenly left him, without exchanging any other words. The next morning it was rumoured at Aix-la-Chapelle, that the King of Prussia had entered the town in disguise; and, on the recollection of his person, the town soon recognized him to be the successful stranger at the Pharo table.

Taken from Travelling Anecdotes.

Lord

Lord Townshend when Viceroy of Ireland, knighted A——n K—g, then Sheriff of Dublin, for his eminent service in quelling a dangerous mob. Sir John Hasler, then, gentleman-usher at the Castle, sent the usual bill of accustomary fees, and a sword, which is also presented on the occasion to the new made Knight. Sir A——y was seated behind his counter in a little tin-shop;—his lady on the opposite side selling a hard bargain of a *save-all* to an apple-woman, when the messenger with the bill and the sword arrived. The demand was 126*l.*—"one hundred and twenty six devils" said Sir A——y:—Go home and tell your master that I am a Knight; and that *Isabella* is a *Lady* without paying any fees, and that, as d'you see me, I shall never be Sheriff again—I don't want a sword; and harkee—let me see —by J——s that ginger-bread thing you have there is not worth sixpence—and as I could make a better out of tin, I won't have it; and I won't pay the bill—and so that's all, Mr. Messenger. I can't be *proffest* for the fees—and so, Sir, if you please, I am Sir A——y K—g, without fees." Isabella, her new-made ladyship, had cast a longing eye on the ribbon, which was tied in a fashionable knot to the sword—and turning to the Knight, she said, "Sir A——y, you may want the sword, you know, when you are Lord Mayor."—*Pogh!* you

fool, (replied the Knight) there is a large gold sword belongs to the Lord Mayor, which is so heavy, that the city pays a man for carrying it——besides, my dear, if ever I have a formal sword, it shall be a *large couteau de chasse*.” The bill was returned, and the fees have never since been paid.

Related by Lord C——c.

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At a representation of the Flich of Bacon in the Hay-market theatre, Lord B. seemed very much disgusted at the mummery Edwin makes use of in the character of Tipple.

As I had never seen the character performed by any other, I asked his lordship if he had? when he made me the following pertinent reply, “Sir, the *Tipple* before us is *intoxicated*—he should have slept off the fumes of his debauch before he was suffered to appear: he is no more to be compared to O’Keefe, (the author of the Son in law) in the character of Tipple, than a pint of small beer to a bottle of tokay!”\*

Dean

\* I mentioned this opinion to many of my friends since, who have seen Mr. O’Keefe in the character, who assured me his lordship was perfectly right; nor has Mr. O’Keefe his equal in many comic characters, particularly Tony Lumpkin, which Dr. Goldsmith would have relished highly had he lived to see it.

Dean Swift was invited to a gentleman's house, where at dinner he observed some beautiful children of his friend's; and on his eagerly looking round, as if he wanted something, was asked what he would have: to which he with too much ill-nature, if not insolence, replied, "I am looking to see which is the handsomest footman here;" for the gentleman was remarkably deformed, and ordinary both in person and features. I heard a gentleman observe on this story being told, that he deserved to be kicked down stairs, had he been the archbishop of Canterbury; and indeed it is surprising the gentleman had not spirit enough to do it.

Related by the late Bishop of Gloucester.

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An Irishman at an assize in Cork was arraigned for felony, before Judge Mounteney. He was asked who he would be tried by—"By no one, by J——s!" says he. The jailer desired him to say, By God and his country—"God d—— my f—— if I do!" says Paddy, "for I don't like it at all at all, my dear!" "What's that you say, honest man?" (says the Judge)—"See there now" says the criminal, "his lordship, long life to him, calls me an honest man, and why should I plead guilty?" What do you say

(says the Judge, in an authoritative voice)  
“I say, my lord, I won’t be tried by God  
at all at all; for he knows all about the mat-  
ter, but I will be tried by your lordship and  
my country.”

Related in an admirable manner by Lord V. T.

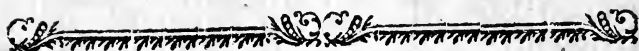




BON MOTS, REPARTEES,

AND

P U N S, &c.



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FOR MORE RESEARCH

AND

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## BON MOTS, REPORTEES, AND PUNS.

I Was riding one day on Richmond-hill, when I observed a house delightfully situated; I asked a gentleman who rode beside me, whose house it was? who informed me it belonged to a card-maker. "Upon my life (said I) one would imagine all this man's cards turned up *trumps*." My companion laughed heartily, and declared it was the best Bon Mot he ever heard in his life.

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Some time after I met Dr. Johnson in a library, to whom I had never been introduced; I did not wait for an introduction, but stepped up, and asked him why the world was not favoured with more of his writings than have appeared; to which he answered, "He had writ enough." I should think so too, Doctor, said I, if you had not *wrote so well*. It is impossible to conceive how the ingenious Doctor's countenance brightened up at the compliment.

Miss S——, one of the famous Miss H——'s filles de joye, in dancing a masquerade at Carlisle-house, happened to trip and fall flat on her *back*;—Foote, who was in a domino, and near her, stooping to take her up, said, “never mind it, my pretty dear, —*practice makes perfect.*”

Related by Lord T.

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When I was a boy, I was very fond of my bed; my father came into my bed-chamber, one morning, and seemed angry at my sleeping so long, saying, the sun had been up above three hours; “That’s no great wonder, Sir, (said I) if I had as many miles to travel to-day as the sun has, I would have risen as soon as him.” My father left me with a smile, and seemed highly delighted with the reply.

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Dr. Thompson was a peculiar flover, and, in the practice of a Physician, an utter and declared enemy to muffins, which he always forbade his patients. Being one day upon a visit to Lord Melcombe, at Hammer-smith, with Mr. Garrick, Mr. P. Whitehead, &c. the company was assembled at breakfast long before the doctor appeared; just as he entered

ed the room, in an uncouth habit, Lord Melcombe uncovered a plate of muffins, which Thompson fixing his eyes upon, with some indignation said, "My lord, did I not beseech your lordship before never to suffer a muffin in your house?" To which his lordship archly replied, "Doctor I've an utter aversion to *muffins* and *raggamuffins*." The pleasantry of the turn, at the Doctor's expence, set the table in a roar.

Related by the late Lord le Despencer.

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A certain *new-created lord*, standing at a well-known bookseller's shop at the west end of the town, a dissipated young nobleman, drove by in a remarkable high phaeton, and six as remarkable horses. Struck with the *tout ensemble* of such a group, his lordship asked, "What strange figure that was?"—"Oh, my lord," says Type, in the true family pronunciation, "that is the celebrated Lord ———, who has long figured away in the walks of fashion and extravagance."—"Ah!" says the peer, "we have got *strange kind of lords now-a-days*."—"Indeed, my lord, (replied Type, without ever meaning to be pointed) *You may say that*."

Related by General Amherst.

Colonel

Colonel G——, coming to Foote in Suffolk-street in an elegant new phaeton, at parting desired Foote would come to the door, just to look at it:—" 'Tis a pretty thing," said the Colonel, " and I have it on a new plan."—" Before I set my eyes on it," said Foote, " my dear Colonel, I'm damnablely afraid you have it on the *old plan*,—never to *pay* for it."

Related by the Duke of N——.

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I was observing to Lord N——, at the time of the new Scottish pavement that we were much indebted to Scotland for *mending our ways*; to which he wittily replied, " They have mended our ways, Sir, it is true; and they have at the same time taken away all our *posts*."

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At Windsor I was observing to Lord T——, that the place where the Maids of Honour lodged (who are not very handsome) was much frequented with crows. His Lordship said, it was because they smelt *carrion*. I laughed very heartily at this stroke of wit, but, upon recollection, I found I was wrong, for I have met with this in the writings of Swift. Thus may the deepest read be imposed on.

Mr.

Mr. Burke, and the Hon. Charles Fox, supping one evening at the Thatched House, were served with dishes more elegant than useful.—Charles's appetite happening to be rather keen, he by no means relished the kickshaws before him, and addressing the orator, "By G—d, Burke," said he, "these dishes are admirably calculated for your palate, they are both *sublime* and *beautiful*!"

This was communicated to me by the facetious Lord T.

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In the war in Flanders, when the Earl of Stair was commander in chief, after a severe battle, which lasted from morning 'till evening, and terminated in favour of the British troops, a veteran soldier, excessively fatigued, was resting on his arms, and looking very grave; Lord Stair coming by, asked him why he looked so dull?—"Dull! your Honour? I am not dull; I am only thinking what a damned hard day's work I have done for a groat."

Communicated to me by some General, I forget who.

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The late Earl of Chatham, who bore no good-will to a certain Physician, was rallying him one day about the inefficacy of his prescriptions. To which the Doctor replied,  
"He

“He defied any of his patients to find fault with him.”—“I believe you, (replied the witty Earl)—*for they are all dead!*”

Related by the late Earl Temple.

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Lord Hawke, when a young man, was pressed very much by a taylor, to discharge a debt which he was at that time unable to pay. “You know, Sir,” said Mr. Buckram, “my *bill* is very *long*, and *frightful* to think of,” “D——n it, (replied the blunt tar) don’t threaten me with your *bill*; my *talons* will prove a match for your *bill* any hour!”

Related by Admiral R.

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C——F——, who has for some time styled himself the *man of the people*, and who is now so much attached to Mrs. R——, the celebrated demirep, was observed in her carriage by Mr. S——, who wittily observed to some gentlemen at Arthur’s, “The connection was perfectly right; the *man of the people*, and no other, should be cicerone to the *woman of the people*.”

Related by Sir J. W.

The



The celebrated Sterne was walking with a friend in one of the streets of Westminster, on a very windy day: The gentleman observed he never knew a season so backward, for he did not reap half the crop he expected. At that instant a garretteer gentleman who had just shaved himself, threw the contents of his chin, which was pretty large, out of the window, which, as the wind was very high, blew full in the gentleman's face! The witty author smiled, and instantly observed "If you have not reaped a plentiful harvest of corn, my good friend, some reaper I see has favoured you with a plentiful harvest of *beard*."

Related by Mr. Pinchbeck, who had it from one of his gim-crack customers.

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Sir Charles S——, after contracting an intimate acquaintance with a late Swedish ambassador at the court of England, was strongly urged, and at length prevailed with, to accompany him to Sweden on a visit. Thither they accordingly set off soon after together. On their arrival at Stockholm, Sir Charles made a tour through the kingdom, and at length returned to court. On his first appearance there, one of the first questions of the ambassador to him was, "Well, Sir Charles

Charles, how do you like poor Sweden?"—"Aye, poor Sweden, indeed, Sir," returned our countryman bluntly enough.—"By heavens, if the whole country were mine, I would sell every inch of it, and buy a farm in old England."

Related by C. F.

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Mr. Macklin, along with many others, accompanying the remains of the late Mr. Barry to the grave, when they got to the spot of interment, which was about the centre of the left quadrangle of the Cloysters, Westminster-Abbey, spoke to a gentleman who was with him to get up on some rubbish, for the better view; when the gentleman telling him, that if he staid where they were, they could very well see the interment, which was all they wanted. "Not at all, Sir, (says this stage veteran) I want to see an exact practice of the whole, as I don't know how soon I may be called upon myself, to be a principal performer *in the same tragedy*."

Related by the Earl of B.

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A certain gentleman, famous for ill-natured remarks and farcaetical expressions, and who had an offensive breath, was very desirous of being

being introduced to the celebrated Mr. Gray, who, knowing his character, was equally solicitous to avoid his company. By chance they happened to meet at some public assembly, and the gentleman embraced the opportunity of accosting Mr. Gray. "Sir, it is a very cold day!" It is so, replied Mr. Gray. "Upon my word, (rejoined the other) I rode out this morning, and the north wind was so keen, that it cut me in such a manner, that it was quite intolerable. "Sir, (replied the poet) from what I have heard of you, I should suppose that the *wind had the worst of it.*"

Related by the Duke of G.

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The celebrated Michael Angelo having received some insult from one of the cardinals of Rome, in revenge painted a most striking likeness of his enemy, and placed him among the damned suffering the torments of hell. The satire had its effect. It was the topic of general admiration and merriment. The cardinal, stung with the bitterness of the caricature, complained to his holiness. Pope Leo was too much a lover of the fine arts to gratify the cardinal's desire, and he therefore told him, that he had it not in his power to punish the offender. "If (said he) the insult had been laid in heaven, or the earth, or even

ven in purgatory, I could perhaps have redressed you, for I have something to say in all these places, *but I have no interest in hell.*"

Related by the agreeable Bishop of K——.

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'The Marchioness of C——, on being detected in her amour with Mr. B——, requested her maid would keep it a secret, and if the other servants knew it, she begged she would bribe them into secrecy, for which she gave her four guineas, saying at the same time, *If her mamma heard of it, she was an undone woman!* To which the girl smartly replied, that could not be, for her *ladyship was an undone woman already!*

Related by Lady C——.

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Garrick was so vain a creature, that if he handed you a tea-cup, or a glass, you must take it as a great condescension. He had a trick of calling, in a loud voice, to a friend at some distance in the street, and telling him, with great pomposity, *he would do him the honour of a visit*: a wag happening to pass when he made use of one of these salutations, called it a *visit in perspective!*

Related by Foote.

Mr.

Mr. Pitt, (afterwards Earl of Chatham) in a debate with Lord Holland, took occasion with great asperity to say, that nature had displayed in his countenance the sign of a black and treacherous soul, and noticed the pent-house of his fullen eyebrows, his hard unsocial front, and dark, unblushing cheeks. On this Lord Holland arose, and complained bitterly of the personal abuse, alledging that he could not help his looks, as he had not made himself; and turning round to Mr. Pitt, the Honourable Gentleman finds fault with my features, but how would he have me look?—Mr. Pitt starting up, replied, “The Honourable Gentleman asks me how I would have him look? I would have him look as he ought if he could; I would have him look as he cannot if he would; I would have him look like an *honest man*.”—This severe retort threw his antagonist into silent and unconquerable confusion.

Related by the *great* Earl of Chesterfield.

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*Fudge* Burnet, son of the famous Bishop of Salisbury, when young, is said to have been of a wild and dissipated turn. Being one day found by his father in a very serious humour, “What is the matter with you, Tom?” said the bishop, “what are you ruminating on?”

“A great-

"A greater work than your lordship's History of the Reformation," answered the son. "Aye! what is that?" said the father. "The reformation of myself, my lord," replied the son.

Related to me when a boy by the celebrated Thomson.

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When the Duchess of Kingston some years since wished to be received in the court of Berlin, she got the Russian Minister there to mention her intentions to his Prussian Majesty, and to tell him at the same time, "that her *fortune* was at *Rome*, her *bark* at *Venice*, but that her *heart* was at *Berlin*". Immediately on hearing which the king sarcastically replied, "I beg, Sir, you will make my compliments to her Grace, and inform her, that I am sorry we are only entrusted with the *very worst part of her property*."

Related by the Prussian Ambassador.

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The Earl of Dorset having a great desire to spend an evening with Butler, the celebrated author of *Hudibras*, spoke to Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd, to introduce him. The three wits, some time after, accordingly met at a tavern, when, upon the first bottle, Butler was rather flat; on the second, he broke  
out

out the man of wit and reading; but on the third, relapsed into a tameness of conversation—very inferior to the author of *Hudibras*. Next morning Mr. Shepherd asked his lordship, how he liked his friend Butler? “I do not know any thing better to compare him to,” says his lordship, “than a nine-pin, little at both ends, but great in the middle.”

Related by Dr. Goldsmith to Earl N——, who gave it to me.

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The poetical Lord Lyttelton's Dialogues of the Dead being the subject of conversation one evening, the Duchess of Northumberland asked my opinion of them? To which I replied, I thought them excellent likenesses *after life*.

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Milton was asked by a friend whether he would instruct his daughter in the different languages? To which he replied, “No, Sir; *one tongue* is sufficient for a woman.”

Related by Dr. Newton.

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When Mr. Love first appeared on Drury-lane theatre in the character of Falstaff, being a man of some genius, he used to puff

E

con-

constantly in the newspapers, upon his excellency in the part, all which, however, availed but little, as he never could bring a full house; one Bignell, sitting with a few of the Players in the Black Lyon, had taken up and filled a pipe, the funnel of which was stopt, and after several attempts to light it, he threw it down in a passion, saying, "By G——, gentlemen, I'm like your new Falstaff; I have been *puffing*, and *puffing*, this long while past, but all to no purpose, for I'll be damned if I can *draw*!"

Related by Quin.

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When Lord Townshend was Viceroy of Ireland, his butler, in preparing the cloth for a choice festival, was unlucky enough to break a dozen of china plates, of a rare and beautiful pattern." "You blockhead, (cries his Lordship, meeting him presently after, with another dozen in his hand) *how* did you do it? "Upon my soul, my Lord, they happened to fall *just so*," replied the fellow, and instantly dashed them also upon the marble hearth into a thousand pieces.

Related by Lady T.

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A French gentleman asked the celebrated Mr. Sterne, when in Paris, if he had found

in



in France no original characters that he could make use of in his *Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*; "No," replied he, "the French resemble old pieces of coin, whose impression is worn out by rubbing."

Related by the late Earl Bathurst.

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Mr. Garrick passing through a town in Yorkshire, seeing the *Constant Couple*, or a *Trip to the Jubilee*, advertised in the town, waited that night to see the play. The theatre happened to be a barn, and Sir Harry Wildair, hero of the piece, a recruiting serjeant, who wanted his left hand. At the opening, Mr. Garrick attended, as he thought, quite disguised, but it was not the case; a man who had been a candle-snuffer to Drury-lane, being one of the company, knew him, and communicated this knowledge to the rest of his brethren. A council was instantly called in the Green-room, the result of which was, to return him his entrance-money. The man who found out the secret was deputed for that purpose, who accordingly came round where Mr. Garrick was sitting, and, after delivering the compliments of the gentlemen of the buskin in very polite terms, begged the acceptance of his eighteen-pence, *as they never took any thing from a brother.*

Related by Foote.

A gentleman who happened to sit in company with Foote at the Smyrna coffee-house, took up a news-paper, saying, "he wanted to see what the Ministry were about:"—Foote, with a smile, said, *look among the robberies.*"

Related by the Hon. Hans Stanley.

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Lord S— vexed me very much some time ago, when I could not help breaking out in the following manner: At the court of the Khalif Alraschid there was a fool named Bahalul; some of whose sayings have been preserved. He appears to have possessed vivacity, wit, and observation; and he was permitted to take every kind of licence with the Khalif and his courtiers: "I wish (says Alraschid to him one day) you could procure me a list of all the fools in Bagdat."—"That would be difficult, Commander of the Faithful: but if you desire to know the wise men, the catalogue may be soon compleated."

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The Countess of H—, was railing one day at Lord C—, who never paid his debts, and she was certain of his being so unprincipled never to pay one: "That I can contradict, my lady," said I, "for he must undoubtedly pay the *full debt of nature.*"

A noble—

A nobleman was observing to me one night at the Hay-market theatre, the great number of contemptible publications that were every day intruded on the town, in imitation of *Johnson's Original Lottery Magazine*.—True, my Lord, says I, nor do we know where it will end, for you see, continued I, (pointing to the stage) Messrs. Palmer and Henderson are dealing in *Chances*.

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When Lord S\*\*\*\*\*h received the first intelligence from Lloyd's coffee-house of St. Vincent's being taken; he hurried to inform me of it; at the same time, with much earnestness, he thought it would be wise to smother the matter :——“ Smother it !” said I, with surprise, “ by Heaven ! the child is *too big* ; we can't smother it, my Lord !”

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One Collins was stopt in Red-Lion-street, Clerkenwell, with four hogs that he stole. He attempted to make his escape, but running into a court, through which there was no passage, he was taken and lodged in Clerkenwell Bridewell, “ Darnn it, (said he, as he entered) I have brought my hogs to a fine market.”

Related by Sir Charles Hardy.

General Carpenter, at a review on Blackheath, rode a charger that seemed foundered; upon which I rode up to him, and acquainted him with the circumstance. "Sir," said he, "I have tried every way to cure him, and have been disappointed in all:" Indeed! (said I) the only thing I can recommend, General, is, *to send him to the College of Physicians in Warwick-lane.*

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When the amiable Duchefs of Northumberland was some years ago on the Continent, she stopped at an inn in French Flanders, at the Golden Goose; but arriving late, and being somewhat fatigued with her journey, she ordered but a slight repast for her and her suite, which consisted of only five servants. In the morning, when the landlord presented his bill, her secretary was much surprised at one general *Item* of "*Expences for the night 14 Louis d'ors.*" In vain did he remonstrate; the artful Fleming knew the generous character of the Duchefs, and was positive. The money was accordingly paid. When she was preparing to depart, the landlord, as usual, attended her to the carriage; and after making many *congees*, and expressing much thanks, he hoped he would have the honour of her Grace's company on her return. "Why, I don't know but I may," said the Duchefs,

Duchess, with her usual good humour; "but it must be upon one condition, *that you do not mistake me again for your sign.*"

Related by the late Countess of Harcourt.

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Garrick paid Foote a visit one morning, and was surprised to see a bust of himself on his bureau. Is this intended as a compliment to me? said Roscius.—Certainly; replied the Wit—And can you trust me so near your cash and your bank notes?—Yes, very well, said Foote; for don't you see you are *without hands?*

Related by Lord V. T.

The last bon mot was told me in another manner by Gen. B.—A gentleman, who called to pay a morning visit to Foote, took notice of a bust of Garrick on his bureau. "Do you know my reason (says Foote) for making Garrick stand centry there?" "No," replied his friend. "I placed him there (resumed the Wit) to take care of my money, for by G—— I can't take care of it myself."

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Shortly after the appearance of Venice Preserved in the dramatic world, the Duchess of Portsmouth (the then favourite of Charles the Second) enquired of Lord Rochester after Otway, saying she had not seen him for some time. His Lordship with a sneer, said, he

supposed he could not make as respectable an appearance as his play, and was therefore resolved, like many other ragged Bards, to amuse himself with dressing his Muse with all the finery of Parnassus. "That may be the case, (said the Duchess) and your Lordship must acknowledge Mr. Otway dresses his Muse in much more elegant attire than all the dramatic poets now living could possibly do theirs. As a proof of my esteem for his genius, will your Lordship be so kind to convey this fifty pound note to him?—'tis a debt I owe him; and, if he is as you say, this is the best opportunity of discharging it."

Related by the first Lord Lyttelton.

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Foote, whose talent lay in lampooning and mimicry, even in his early days, had once got the knack of imitating a late general officer, in the shrug of his shoulders, the lisping of his speech, and some other things, for which the general was remarkable, so that it grew a common topic among his acquaintances, who used to say, "Come, Sam, let us have the general's company." A friend at length acquainted the officer of it, who sent for Foote: "Sir, (says the General) I hear you have an excellent talent at mimicking characters, and among the rest, I find I have been the subject of your ridicule."

cule." "Oh, Sir, (says Foote, with great pleasantry) I take all my acquaintance off at times, and, what is more particular, I often take myself off." "God so," says the other, "pray let us have a specimen." Foote, on this, puts on his hat and gloves, takes hold of his cane, and making a short bow, left the room. The officer waited some minutes for his return, but at length, on enquiry, found he had really taken himself off, by leaving the house. The officer was gen. Blakeney, with whom he was afterwards in the strictest friendship.

Related by Sir J. W.

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When the distinguished Major Rogers took up his abode in a spunging-house, in Southampton buildings, Holborn, like a true philosopher, he endeavoured to make his situation as agreeable as possible; he therefore one day, out of a whim, sent cards of invitation to all the bailiffs who frequented the house, to come and dine with him. They accordingly came, and being in high spirits, after dinner, one of them being called upon for a toast, gave, "The d——l ride roughshod over the rascally part of the creation." When every body was going to drink the toast, the Major who was at the bottom of

the table, cried out, "Stop, gentlemen, every man fill a bumper."—"Oh, there's no occasion for that," says one of the company. "Yes there is," says the Major, "consider it's a family toast, and ought to be done justice to."

Related by General B.

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Lady W—— is celebrated in Scotland for wit and beauty. Happening to be at an assembly in Edinburgh, a young gentleman, the son of his Majesty's printer, who had the patent for publishing bibles, made his appearance, dressed in green and gold. Being a new face, and extremely elegant, he attracted the attention of the whole company. A general murmur prevailed in the room, to learn who he was; Lady W—— instantly made answer loud enough to be heard, "Oh! don't you know him? it is young Bible, *bound in calf and gilt—but not lettered.*"

Related by the Duchess of A.

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A distinguished performer at one of the theatres complaining to Foote that his wife's drunkenness and ill conduct had almost ruined him, concluded, as many usually do; "and for



for goodness sake, what is to be said for it?" "Nothing that I know," (says Foote) "can be said for it, but much against it."

Related by Garrick.

---

A brave Tar, with a wooden leg, who was on board Admiral Parker's fleet in the late engagement with the Dutch, having the misfortune to have the other shot off, as his comrades were conveying him to the surgeon, notwithstanding the poignancy of his agonies, (being a man of humour) he could not suppress his joke, saying, "It was high time for him to leave off play, when his last pin was bowled down."

Related by Commodore J.

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Foote and Garrick being at a tavern together at the time of the first regulation of the gold coin, the former pulling out his purse to pay the reckoning, asked the latter, "What he should do with a light guinea he had?" "Pshaw, its worth nothing," says Garrick, "*fling it to the devil.*" "Well, David," says the other, "you are always what I took you for, ever contriving *to make a guinea go further* than any other man."

Related by the Bishop of R.

As

As General Paoli was one evening walking down the Haymarket, he was accosted by an itinerant daughter of unlicensed pleasure, who happened to know his face. As she was a pretty girl, he suffered her to hold his arm 'till he got to Spring Gardens, when he thought to disengage himself from her ladyship; but she still held him, and finding all her former rhetoric lost, told him, if he would leave her, he ought to make her a handsome present at least, as they were very nearly connected. The veteran stared, and demanded how? Why, Sir, said the girl, you have been driven from home, and lost your inheritance in defence of liberty; by being attached too much to the same cause, I am reduced to the like extremity. We are both children of liberty, and therefore ought to have a fellow-feeling for each other. The wit of the girl so much pleased the old son of Mars, that he took out his purse, and gave her a guinea.

Related by the Duke of R.

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Footie being told that a man in an high office, which gave him an opportunity of handling much cash, had married his kept mistress: "Good God, (said he) that old fellow is always robbing the public."

Related by the Countess of H.

Mrs.

Mrs. Macaulay having published her *Loose Thoughts*, Mr. Garrick was asked if he did not think it a strange title for a lady to choose:—"By no means, (replied he) the sooner a woman gets rid of *such thoughts* the better."

Related by Garrick, who called it an excellent thing.

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Lord A——n talking of the four elements, expressed great admiration at the creation of water. "My lord, (said the indelicate lady C——) I don't see any thing surprising in that, for every lady in company *can make water*."

Related by Sir W. W. W.

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Foote was never remarkable for *æconomy*; and so long as *æconomy* continued the favourite pass-word at court, so long did it continue the favourite *mock-word* of the *English Aristophanes*.—Every body who remembers Mr. Foote, must remember the beautiful set of dun horses with which he used to drive his carriage.—On being complimented respecting their limbs, their fine shapes, and colour, one day—"Yes (replied the wag) I am never without a *set of duns* in my retinue; but with this difference, that in the summer I drive  
the

the *duns*, and in the winter the *duns* drive me."

Related by Foote's crony, Lord T.

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Charles F. when a boy, delighted in arch tricks. In his walks, one Easter Monday, meeting a *blind* woman, who was crying puddings and pies, he took her by the arm and said, Come along with me, dame, I am going to Moorfields, where this holiday-time you may chance to meet with good custom. Thank'ee kindly, sir, says she. Whereupon he conducted her to Cripplegate church, and placed her in the middle-aisle. Now, says he, you are in Moorfields; which she believing to be true, immediately cried out, "Hot puddings and pies! hot puddings and pies!—Come, they are all hot," &c. which caused the congregation to burst into a loud fit of laughter! and the clerk came and told her, she was in a church; "You are a lying son of a whore," says she, which so enraged the clerk, that he dragged her out of the church; she cursing and damning him all the while; nor would she believe him 'till she heard the organs play.

Related by the first Lord Holland.

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Foote being some time since at a nobleman's house, his lordship, as soon as dinner was

was over, ordered a bottle of *Cape* to be set on the table, when, after magnifying its good qualities, and particularly its *age*, he sent it round the table in glasses that scarcely held a thimble-full. "Fine wine, upon my soul," says the Wit, tasting and smacking his lips. "Is it not very *curious*?" says his lordship. "Perfectly so indeed," says the other; "I do not remember to have seen any thing *so little of its age in my life* before."

Related by Sir Francis Blake Delaval.

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One day several ladies and gentlemen, among whom was Charles F—, went, in different boats, on a party of pleasure on the Thames. By accident one of the boats overturning, all who were in it were soufed into the water, but, in particular, a pretty young girl, who being in imminent danger, a gentleman leaped out of another boat to save her. The girl, as soon as he swam to her, laid hold of him by the waistband of his breeches, which, with her pulling, soon gave way; and scarce knowing what she did, she laid hold of him by a place which shall be nameless; however, he brought her ashore. Afterwards, having got themselves dried, and being at dinner at a nobleman's house, the cloth removed, and the ladies withdrawn, the gentlemen

tlemen began to laugh and joke with him who had saved the girl, on account of the odd part she had seized him by. "Faith," (says Charles F—), "I think she did quite right; she was afraid of being drowned; and, to secure herself, laid hold of *what never goes to the bottom.*"

Related by Lord N——.

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A certain nobleman's wife, who is apt to tittle a little sometimes, was one summer evening walking out with her Lord to take an airing. They had not gone far before the sky appeared very cloudy, and a shower was expected. "It rains, my dear," said her ladyship. "Not yet," replied the husband; "but I fancy it will not be long first." "Indeed," replied her ladyship, "it rains now, for I have just this minute held up my face, and *a drop fell into my eye.*" "You may imagine so," (said his lordship;) but give me leave to tell you, that *you had a drop in your eye* before you came from home."

Related by the Countess of H.

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Sir G. W. in the Smyrna coffee-house, expressed his astonishment that the Ministry should

should obtain a pardon for M'Quirk, when it is universally known and acknowledged that the said M'Quirk *had a design upon the crown.*

N. B. M'Quirk killed Mr. Clarke by a violent blow on the *head* with a bludgeon.

Related by Mr. P. who had it from one of his customers.

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Dryden's translation of Virgil being commended by a Right Rev. Bishop, a witty Earl said, "The original is indeed excellent, but every thing suffers *by a translation* except a *Bishop.*"

Related by Mr. Macpherson.

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A lady being ill, sent for a physician, and on his leaving the room gave him a fee of two guineas. This she repeated several times, and one day she gave him a single guinea. This by some accident fell upon the floor, when the doctor picked it up, and turning to the lady, with a significant look, said, "Madam, I believe I have dropt a guinea." "No, doctor," replied the lady smartly, "*'Twas I who dropt the guinea.*"

Related by the divorced Lady P.

When

When Lord Chesterfield was lord lieutenant of Ireland, a gentleman told him one morning, that a most extraordinary match was shortly to take place between a Mr. — and a Miss —; the one a notorious gambler, and the other not very remarkable for unfulfilled virtue. His lordship, when he had heard the names of the parties, observed with a smile, “Dear sir, there is nothing extraordinary in what you tell me; *brimstone* and *cards* make an excellent *match*.”

Related by the late Earl of Bath.

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When Mr. Dibdin was engaged to compose the music for an opera that was to appear at Drury-lane, the nature of his employment became the subject of conversation one night in the green room. It was observed by one, that the musician was deeply indebted to the author. “Then” (retorted Mr. Bannister,) “he is likely to be rid of that incumbrance, for he is at present preparing to discharge it by *giving him his notes*.”

Related by Garrick.

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The Duchess of Northumberland was observing one day, that the physicians were the  
greatest



greatest lyars on earth. To which I replied, I did not think so. I considered three-fourths of the grave-stones in the church-yards about London the greatest lyars; for instead of **HERE LIES**, it should be **HERE *did lie***, for the bodies generally meet with an early resurrection.

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The Earl of Chesterfield was a very free thinker in matters of religion; and, as a proof of his steadiness, in the conclusion of his life, when one of his favourite friends was kneeling by his bed-side, intreating him to rise and have his bed made better, he replied——  
 'Can't you leave a poor man alone, who is now out of the way, and consequently no trouble to any body?—O! you are upon your knees! I am glad of it, and, as it is seldom, embrace this opportunity to thank God for his goodness to you.

Related by Lady Viscountess Mahon.

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The Duke of C—— informed me one morning that the Marquis of Rockingham was to be interred with very great splendor. "His friends," said I, "are very kind in bestowing such expensive honours on him; but  
 he

he will have a superior favour conferred on him, *he will quit the grave in greater splendor, and without any expence.*"

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Lord N—— was observing one day that human nature is a hodge-podge of good and evil: "Then, my lord," said I, "any one would conclude, who knew you as well as I, that you feast upon *this mess* every day of your life!"

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When Mrs. Kennedy's Macheath had a great run, she happened to be pretty far advanced in her pregnancy: I observed to a nobleman who sat near me, "If the Managers did not suspend the performance for some time, the audience would find Mrs. Kennedy *labour* in the performance very soon."

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Doctor Johnson being asked his opinion of a certain Nabob, better known by his riches than learning, "A meer sheep, sir, with a *golden fleece*," observed the Cynic.

Related by the late Marchioness of Lothian.

---

A lady on the wrong side of fifty, having lost both her money and temper at a rout,  
with

with very little grace, had the additional misfortune, in stooping, to lose her entire head-dress, to the discovery of a bald pate; whereupon I observed, in her hearing, "I could not but commend the *hair*, for leaving so *weak a head!*"

---

Sir Charles W.——— was observing to me one day that lord B.——— was very proud: "Then," said I, "he is not so respectable as that bitch before us, for she will be soon full of something valuable, but he in all likelihood will remain for ever empty."

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The well-known Dagger Marr, Tommy Clough, and Harry Vaughan, all of Drury-lane theatre, met one morning at rehearsal; Clough kept his hand in his coat pocket a long time, which Dagger taking notice of, asked him what he had got there; I have got a partridge, says Clough, which I intend to present to the little man, (meaning Mr. Garrick,) Tut! says Vaughan, he won't accept of it. "Won't he," says Dagger, (who was well acquainted with the penurious spirit of Garrick) "yes, by G—, he'll take it, or a *roll and treacle* if you offer it to him!"

Dagger

Dagger Marr, who was ever wrangling with the managers of Drury-lane theatre, was very fond of taking bread in his pocket, and feeding the ducks in St. James's Park: one day, while he thought himself unnoticed, he observed one of the ducks swim about as swift as any three of them, and gobble up so much of the bread, that Dagger roared out loud enough to be heard by Garrick, who was not far behind him, "Get out of that, you gobbling rascal, I see you're a manager by G——!"

Related by Mr. Foote.

---

Lord N—— paying me a visit one morning, informed me that the *Turkey company* were to dine the next day at the London Tavern, to which General B—— he understood was invited. I could not help observing, It would certainly prove one of the most diverting scenes in the world, if the General should appear in his regimentals!

---

Mr. Palmer of Drury-lane theatre (I mean the ladies Mr. Palmer) appeared at a rehearsal in a violent perturbation of mind, on some intelligence he had just heard: Mr. Bannister requested

requested to know what made him so uneasy ;  
“ Monarchs, my dear Sir, (says Palmer, with a tragedy strut) monarchs have met with afflictions, then why should I grieve?—my puppy of a brother, a cub, Sir, has made as bad a match as he possibly could make: He was married yesterday, and the girl is as penniless as a third-rate actress’s dressing woman.” “ What is the lady’s name ?” says Bannister. “ Sharp, I think they call her,” says Palmer. “ My dear friend, (says Bannister) I don’t see why you should fret so, it was a *musical wedding*, there was a \* *flat* and a *Sharp* !”

Related by Lord T.

---

The Queen of Hungary, in a conversation with General Count O’Donnel, a native of Ireland, was pleased to say some very polite things in favour of the officers of that country, who had been engaged in her service during the late war; among others, “ My Lord, (says she) I really wonder that I am not able to give laws to all Europe, when I have so many gallant countrymen of yours in my service.” To which his lordship, with a very low bow, replied, “ I should wonder equally, madam, if your Majesty had not contended with

\* A Flat in the cant, or slang language, signifies a man easily taken in.

with a Prince who can spare a great number to fight the battles of his enemies."

Related by Admiral Kempenfelt.

---

One night at the representation of the Duenna, when Mr. Du-B—— sung the following lines,

" I ne'er could any lustre see

" In eyes that would not look on me,"

I observed to a lady near me that, the gentleman would never meet with *eyes of lustre* while he was a performer.

---

The Prince of Condé, coming to congratulate his master, Louis XIV. on' the battle of Senef, in which his highness had command, and gained great honour; the King stood on the top of the stairs to receive him. The Prince being lame of the gout, mounted very slowly, and stopping midway, begged his Majesty's pardon, if he made him wait. " Cousin (said the King) do not hurry yourself; a person loaded with laurels as you are cannot move very swiftly."

Related by the Duke of G.

---

The beautiful Duchess of D—— complaining one day, in a mixed company, that

Sir

Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his picture of her, threw her into a very strange position: "Your Grace surprises me very much," replied I, for Sir Joshua seems to understand natural positions very well, any of which might have given your Grace infinite pleasure!"

---

When Macklin was rehearsing Macbeth, and from want of memory, detained the performers uncommonly long at the Theatre, one of them asked Shuter if he did not think it very extraordinary; that a man so old, and infirm in intellects, should attempt such a character? Ned replied, drily, from Macbeth;

*—The time has been,  
That when the brains were out, the man would die,  
And there an end; but now—*

Related by Garrick.

---

Foote, on seeing Lord A—, who has very thin arms and legs, with a pot belly, said, in his usual farcastic spirit, he looked like a grey-hound that had got the dropsy.

Related by Earl N.

---

Foote dined one day at the Castle at Salt-hill. When the landlord produced the bill,  
F Foote

Foote thought it very exorbitant, and asked him his name?—Partridge, an't please you, replied the host.—Partridge! resumed Foote; it should be Woodcock, by G—, by the length of your *bill*.

Related by the late Lord Chesterfield.

---

I was asked one day by Lord N—, at a levee at St. James's, when I had seen the Duchefs of B—, who is well known to use an uncommon quantity of paint: to which I replied, "I had not seen her *face*, nor had any other person, I believed, these twenty years."

---

One day Earl Temple, in the course of conversation with a lady at Court, complained that some of her ladyship's relations had spoken disrespectfully of him: Indeed, my lord, replied the lady, patting him upon the forehead—*there is nothing in it*.

Related by Lord C—.

---

At the last Coronation, a gentleman paid six guineas for a seat in Westminster-abbey: the instant the King entered, he turned to a gentle-



gentleman beside him, and protested he was the greatest fool in Britain; "Indeed," said the gentleman, "how so Sir?" "Why, Sir, I have paid six guineas for a seat here; when his Majesty, who can much better afford it, comes in for a *crown*!"

Related by Sir W. W. W.

---

A third-rate actor of one of the London theatres, who is remarked for keeping his hand in his breeches, was ordered on for one of the centinels in the tragedy of Hamlet: as soon as it came to this gentleman's turn to speak, he walked, in the above situation, up to Bernardo, and asked him with a very audible voice, "Has this *thing* appeared again to night?" which threw the audience into such a fit of laughter, that the entertainment was interrupted for a considerable time.

Communicated to me by Lady H———n, with that humour pèculiar to herself.

---

A young lady of Chichester was playing at *What is it like?* in a company where was present an old lady of venerable character, named Boucher: she likened the thing-thought on to Mrs. Boucher's stick. It proved to be the history of Pamela. "The history of Pamela

F 2

(said

(said she) is like Mrs. Boucher's stick, because it is the support of virtue."

Related by the Dowager Countess Cowper.

---

I was walking some years ago with the lovely Lady Sarah B—, who finding herself teased by an old beggar-man, hastily turned round and told him she had got *nothing*. "I am sorry for that, my sweet young lady (said the old man); old as I am, I have got a *little*!" Her ladyship smiled, turned about, and gave him a crown.

---

A nobleman of the thick blood of the Irish nation, paid his addresses to the daughter of a friend of mine, who valued money more than ancestry: The old gentleman hinted to his lordship that he supposed his fortune was equivalent to his daughter's. "Why no, Sir, (replied his lordship) I cannot say 'tis altogether so considerable, but then you know, Sir, there is my blood." "O damn your blood (returns the old gentleman without hesitation); if you squander my daughter's fortune away, she must not depend on your blood for a subsistence; a hog's blood would be of more service then, and would make much better puddings."

Related by Lord T.

When

When the late Dauphin of France said to the facetious Duke of Roquelaure, "stand farther off, Roquelaure, for you stink;" the Duke replied, "I ask your pardon, Sir, 'tis *you* that smell, not I."

Related by General B.

---

The day before Dr. Dodd's trial, I was mentioning my doubts about his criminality to Lord M——, who told me every circumstance he had heard would criminate him before any jury, and he would suffer himself to be hanged at the top of the *Monument* if he was not found guilty. To which I could not help observing: "Then, my Lord, your enemies (if the culprit should be acquitted) would have the satisfaction of literally seeing you Lord *Chief Justice* in *AIR*."

---

Old Charles Macklin being asked his opinion of Charles F—— and the other distinguished characters who resigned lately, replied, "I am no astronomer, Sir, but they seem to me to be wandering planets, though it would be much better for the people of this distracted country, if they were fixed stars at Tyburn or Temple-Bar!"

Related by Lord N.

“I suppose, (says Lady Bridget T——, looking over the Beauties of Sterne one evening at the Duke of G——’s, we may soon expect to see the Beauties of the prolific Lady C—— published.” “Good God, my lady, (cried I) can you be such a novice? What is become of your brilliancy of wit, that you should make that remark? don’t you know Lady C——’s *Beauties* have been long published, and that a certain gentleman of our acquaintance was so impatient, that he tasted the delicious treasure in *Sheets*!”

---

My wife was observing at a concert one evening, that Handel was without doubt the greatest musical composer that ever lived, for all his *notes* were *notes* of admiration! True, my dear, cried I, and you see Colman, the theatrical manager, is so fond of him, that he steps at his heels very fast: ‘There’s his Suicide!! his Dead Alive!! his Agreeable Surprise!! and as to his expected *Execution*!!’tis confessed by his friends to be superior to any thing Handel ever dreamt of!

---

A farmer near my country seat having married a woman who weighed twenty-five stone, I could not help remarking to Lady T—— that he married a woman of *great substance*.

When

When Louis the fourteenth came to the throne, he was remarkably obstinate, and it could not be known whether he took advice of any one. He had no public council, nor any private counsellor. One day being hunting on a very small Britany Bidet, Cardinal Mazarine frequently repeated, "What a very strong horse that must be!" "Why so, my good Cardinal?" replied the King. "Why, Sire, (answered his Eminence) it not only carries your Majesty, but the whole body of your council." From that moment the King took the hint, and, of course, advice, and became one of the greatest monarchs in the world.

Related by my father.

When Mr. Wilkes was persecuted in the year 1769, and confined in the King's-Bench, General C—— informed me of many presents being sent to him by his numerous admirers; among the rest a gentleman sent him *forty-five* hampers of different wines: I could not help observing to the General, "Though his friends may complain of oppression towards him hitherto, yet now they had no reason to complain, for they must allow their oracle was *finely hampered*."

That literary *phanomenon* Lady C——, observing a fine milk-white feather in the Duchess of D——'s riding-hat, stepped up and observed to her with a smile: "That is a very beautiful feather, indeed, your Grace exhibits to day!" "True, (replied the Duchess) and if you observe, Madam, there is no *taint* in it."

I was present when this happened.

---

When it was universally rumoured that the French landed at Plymouth, Lord S——, in a fit bordering on phrenzy, asked me what he should do; to which I with great coolness and readiness of thought replied, "My Lord, the best thing we can do, is to advertise for Archimedes's burning glass, by which he destroyed the Roman fleet at the distance of a bow-shot: then, you know, my Lord, they cannot make a retreat!"

---

Archbishop King was remarkably fond of a leg of mutton and capers, the last of which he always prepared himself. A gentleman coming to dine with him, laughed immoderately on his entering the apartment where his Grace was sitting at his favourite amusement. "What's the matter?" said the Bishop.

shop. "I cannot help laughing, (replied the gentleman) for this is the first instance I have ever seen of a Bishop's *cutting capers!*"

Related by the late Bishop of Gloucester.

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Chatting one morning with Lord N...., he told me Lord L——, who made one unfortunate match, was married a few hours before to Lady Mary H——. "Then, my Lord, (said I) his Lordship is in a fair way to DOUBLE CAPE HORN!"

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"Custom, custom, (says Lord M——, addressing himself to the divorced Lady P—y, one evening at a card-party) custom for many years is a tyrant not easily vanquished; at least I find it so in many instances," said his Lordship. "True, my Lord," replied her Ladyship, (we will not say she meant to be pointed) and I assure your Lordship I feel the force of it powerful *within me* day and night."

Related by Lord N. who had it from his wife.

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The late Lord Chesterfield happened to be at a route in France, where Voltaire was one of the guests. Chesterfield seemed gazing

F 5                      about

about the brilliant circle of the ladies; Voltaire accosted him: "My Lord, I know you are a judge, which are more beautiful, the English or the French ladies?" "Upon my word, (replied his Lordship, with his usual presence of mind) I am no connoisseur of paintings." Some time after this, Voltaire being in London happened to be at a nobleman's rout with Lord Chesterfield; a lady in company, prodigiously painted, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and entirely engrossed his conversation: Chesterfield came up, tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Sir, take care you are not captivated." "My Lord, (replied the wit) I scorn to be taken by an English bottom under French colours."

Related to me when a boy, by my mother.

---

Lord C—— was observing to me a few days ago, that the Irish should be called lunatic volunteers; for though they had every thing granted them that their *champion*, Mr. Grattan, fought for, yet now nothing was heard throughout the kingdom, but "*a Bill of Rights! a Bill of Rights!*" "Truly, my Lord, (said I) I think this does favour of madness sure enough, for it now clearly appears their parliament have voted fifty thousand pounds to their demi-god for procuring a *Bill of Wrongs!*"

The



The Bishop of L. and C. declared one day that the punishment used in schools did not make boys a whit better, or more tractable. I insisted that whipping was of the utmost service, for every one must allow that it made a boy *smart*.

---

Lord B——m, shortly after his return from his administration in Ireland, was giving me an account of the theatres in Dublin: Among other whimsical particulars he repeated the following string of puns, which arose from a Mr. Daly, a new manager, having opened Smock-alley theatre. This theatrical squib made so much noise, that the exasperated manager danced from one end of the town to the other in pursuit of the author, for some days, and was as restless in his bed as King Arthur in Tom Thumb. The names of the principal members in his company are printed in Italics.

The Bishop of Toledo, an old wag so called, who is seen every day at Sam's coffee-house, on reading the names of the Smock-alley performers, in the play-bills, said, that though the *Sparks* of genius shone in Smock-alley, and the manager had brought *Griß* to his mill, and had called the talents of a *Young*, a *Prior*, and a *Melmoth* to his assistance, he feared

feared the *Daly* receipts would not fill his pocket; nor were the performers much better in the money way, though they had *Cash* among them; so that in all appearance, before the conclusion of the season, both manager and actors would be obliged to *Swindle*.

---

Counsellor D—— met Lord S—— some few years ago at the Hague: His Lordship was on a journey to Berlin, to visit his Prussian Majesty, to which place he prevailed on D—— to accompany him. The Counsellor, ambitious of being introduced to the Prussian monarch, accompanied his lordship with alacrity. The morning after the British orator's arrival, Frederick sent an Aid de Camp and a charger for his visitant, requesting his presence at a review. The Counsellor not knowing the *charger*, and the *charger* not knowing his rider, set off amicably upon the grand pas together; but, just as the horses got into the field, the trumpets sounded; the charger set off like lightning; the Counsellor's hat and wig fell off, and, like an affectionate horseman, he threw his arms round the charger's neck, and in this manner he was brought up to the front of the lines. His Prussian Majesty observing the disaster, rode up to Lord S——, and told him, "General D——

D——— was the worst horseman he had ever seen of his Britannic Majesty's staff-officers, and he was certain he could keep a seat with more dignity on a *wool-sack*."

Related by Lord S——e.

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Voltaire's stage-heroes and heroines at his theatre at Ferney, were made up of the Butler, Coachman, Groom, Dairy-Maid, Cook, &c. When any passage went wrong, he never failed to proclaim it; and would cross the stage in his night-cap and gown, to scold at an Empress, or pull the cap of a Queen. His Coachman not entering time enough to lay him down gently in the hour of death, in the character of a Turkish slave, he changed his tragedy part into comic reasoning, and whimsically asked him for a receipt in full of all demands; "for I am sure, (said Voltaire) I must be in your debt, or you would not have used me so, as to let me die thus like a beggar."

Related by G. K——c, Esq.

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Foote, who could never keep any very valuable article long out of a pawnbroker's hands, was made a present of a very handsome service of plate, which he exhibited a few days after to a splendid company who dined with

with him at North End. One of the Noblemen was particularly smitten with the fashion of it, and begged to know what it cost him? "Upon my word," (replied the Wit) I cannot answer that question; but if your lordship will favour me with a visit in a few days, I can tell you pretty near what it is *worth*."

Related by Garrick.

---

Voltaire, when he grew very old, would talk daily of what writers would say after his death; "The conversion of Monsieur de Voltaire on his Death-bed," he would say, "cooked up by some Jesuit, will be a most delicious morsel for the Paris booksellers; and the rascals will pick up many a good meal off my bones, bare as I am."

Related by G. K——e, Esq.

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A report having prevailed (with what shew of truth I will not pretend to say) that the body of the immortal Sterne, who was buried in the cemetery in St. George's Row, Tyburne, was taken up, and purchased from the sexton by an eminent surgeon of Oxford, who has it now among his collection of skeletons; my wife expressed great uneasiness to

Lady

Lady C. F. at the circumstance, declaring it the greatest disgrace to this country within her recollection: "If it be so, (replied I) it must be allowed he had the most *whimsical subject* to lecture on in the world, and as Sterne parted with his *feelings* before he died to thousands of the tender and humane part of mankind, he was consequently insensible to any terrors in the sacrilegious villain's butchery."

---

When Dr. Johnson was first patronized by Lord Chesterfield, (which was at his Lordship's own particular request) the Doctor called on him one morning, and being shewn into an anti-chamber, either from the mistake of the footman, or his lordship's paying a preference to other company, the Doctor was left waiting there for two hours, without his lordship's appearance. Johnson growing piqued at this neglect, abruptly left the house, and from that hour resolved to break off all acquaintance with him. Some time after this Lord Chesterfield endeavoured all he could to recover Johnson's friendship, by writing two essays in favour of his Dictionary in a periodical paper then publishing, called "The World," as well as by other indirect solicitations; but all in vain: Johnson was not only resolved,

resolved, but wrote his lordship word so, in a very remarkable letter, wherein, with great dignity and philosophic pride, he begged leave to be dismissed his patronage and acquaintance. Some time after this, a noble Lord met the Doctor in Doddsley's shop, who beginning the conversation, asked him how he could desert a man who had been so *serviceable* to him, in the public encouragement he gave his Dictionary, as Lord Chesterfield was? "Serviceable to me, my Lord!" says the Poet, "in no respect whatsoever: I had been for years sailing round the World of Literature, and just as I was getting into the Chops of the Channel, his Lordship sends out two *little cock-boats*, more to partake of my triumphs, than to pilot me into harbour. "No, no, my Lord Chesterfield may be a *wit amongst lords*, but I fancy he is no more than a *lord amongst wits*."\*

Related by the unfortunate Dr. Dodd.

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The King of Prussia, when Voltaire and he were very intimate, wrote Odes entitled *Philosophesans Soucie*; these he gave to Voltaire to correct and transcribe. These two great personages happening to quarrel afterwards,

Voltaire

\* This retort his Lordship could never forgive, and in all probability it occasioned the caricatura he afterwards gave of Dr. Johnson, in one of his Letters to his Son.

Voltaire expressed himself to a friend in the following bitter words: "I was his old washerwoman, and was sent for only to clean his dirty sheets!"

Related by the Earl of S——,

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A handsome young woman, who was a witness in a trial of crim. con. before Lord Mansfield, was interrogated by Counsellor D——, who thinking to confuse the woman, made her take off her bonet, that he might have a view of her countenance, and see (for all counsellors are complete judges of physiognomy) whether the *truth* came from her lips. After he had put many ridiculous questions to her, he asked her whether her mistress had ever communicated the important secret to her? "No, Sir, (said the woman) she never did." And how can you swear to her infidelity? "Because I saw another gentleman besides my master in bed with her." Indeed! (said the Counsellor) "Yes, indeed, Sir." And pray, my good woman, (said the modest Counsellor, thinking to silence her at once) did your master, (for I see you are very handsome) in return for his wife's infidelity go to bed to you? "*That trial* (says the spirited woman) *does not come on to day, Mr. Slabberchops!*"—Lord M. was tickled to the soul, he thrust his hand into the waistband of his

his breeches, (his custom when highly delighted) and asked D—— if he had any more interrogatories to put? “No, my Lord I have done,” said the chop-fallen Orator, settling his wig and sitting down.

Related by Lord M.

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A certain Bishop being at Court, and observing a lady, who was very corpulent, talking to the late Princess Dowager of Wales, and at the other end of the room a very genteel youth, both of whom were utter strangers to him, he addressed himself to the young gentleman, and with an insinuating air, after some compliments, asked him if he knew who that *fat sow* was, who was in discourse with her Royal Highness? “*Yes, my Lord,* (replied the youth, with great modesty) *that fat sow is the ambassadress of Sweden, and mother to the little pig, who has the honour to speak to your Lordship.*”

Related by my Father.

---

An English gentleman, who slept one night at Voltaire's begged a book of him, to amuse him when he rose in the morning: on which Voltaire gave him his *Pucelle d'Orleans*; adding, “A virgin in my house is no small rarity.”

Related by the Earl of S.

A French



A French writer, (some say Voltaire) having lampooned a Nobleman, was caned by him for his licentious wit; when, on applying to the Duke of Orleans, then Regent, and begging him to do him justice, the Duke replied with a smile, "Sir, it has been done already."

Related by the Hon. Topham Beauclerk.

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Some time after Lord Townshend had given up his commission in the Guards, on account of the late Duke of Cumberland's refusing him leave of absence for three days, he went one morning to the Parade, where Colonel F——, (who was remarkable for being a *tale-bearer* to his Royal Highness) was looking over the exercise, in order, if any thing was wrong, to report it. Upon seeing Lord Townshend come up, "What, Townshend," says he, "though you have left us, I see you still come here as a *Spectator*?" "Aye, (replied his Lordship) and, between us both, I think, we must *improve* the men, as you come here as a *Tatler*."

Related by the Marquis of Granby.

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An English gentleman, taking leave of Voltaire, to go to London, Voltaire said,  
"Well,

“ Well, Sir I will come and see you when you are got home—but that is after I am dead ; there are above twenty ghosts in the tragedy of Macbeth, why should I not be one among them ? ”

Related by Sterne.

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When Mr. S. the late Attorney G—— of Ireland, was studying the law in the Temple, his circumstances were not the best in the world ; he often translated and scribbled for the booksellers to support a gentleman-like appearance, but like Charles Surface, *justice could not keep pace with generosity*, and he was consequently exposed to the insults and pressure of many creditors. Among the rest appeared a very devil, who watched his motions in such a manner, that our good-hearted debtor was obliged to keep his room. As he had many companions, to whom he would not refuse admittance, he had a square hole cut in the door, with a slider, and opposite to it he placed a looking-glass, in such a situation, that on his servant's removing the slider, he could from a corner of the room see who called on him, and gave his directions accordingly. A gentleman asked our orator what was his reason for placing the glass in that situation ? he archly replied, “ That, Sir, is my *dun-ometer*. ”

Related by the Lord C. of I——d.

A cele-

A celebrated orator and gambler being in company with the Duchess of Northumberland, he said he had just purchased a beautiful copy of *Paradise Lost*, which he would shew her: after trying both his pockets, he found it had been picked out in his way to Northumberland-house, and he instantly exclaimed, with a significant look at the Duchess, "Bless me, I have lost *Paradise*!" "I have some reason to think you have, (said the Duchess) but I have a stronger reason to think (instead of Milton's Poem) your loss is a *pair o' dice*."

Related to my Wife by Lady A. P.

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The Archbishop of Troyes dining at Ferney one day, Voltaire, as usual, played off all his artillery against the prelate, who was also a Cardinal. The good divine immediately became the gentleman, and said, "The world have such obligations to men of genius, that particular allowance is ever made to them, in return for their productions: though I don't doubt yet but Monsieur de Voltaire will be a good convert to us before he dies. Voltaire immediately answered, "My Lord! if ever I am made a convert of, it must be, like St. Paul, on horse-back."

Related by the late Earl Bathurst.

At

At the rehearsal of one of Voltaire's Tragedies at his seat at Ferney, Mr. Cramer, bookseller at Geneva, (Voltaire's own immediate publisher) was finishing his part, which was to end in some dying sentence; when Voltaire, all-despotic over those he thinks his dependants, cries out loud, "Cramer, you lived like a prince for the four preceding acts, but at the fifth you die like a bookseller!" Dr. Tronchin, the Boerhaave of this age, being present, could not help in kindness interfering? adding withall, "Why, Monsieur de Voltaire, can you ever expect to have gentlemen to be at this expence of dresses, and fatigue of getting such long parts, if you thus continue to upbraid them? on the contrary, I think they all deserve the greatest encouragement at your hands; and as to my friend Cramer, I declare, as far as I am able to judge, he dies with the same dignity he lived." Voltaire, who detests advice, or being informed by an inferior, (for an author, in his eye, is beyond even an Æsculapius were he living) made this cool answer; "Pr'ythee, doctor, when you have got Kings to kill, kill them your own way; let me kill mine as I please."

Related by the late French Ambassador.

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Dean Bailey is much such a character in Dublin as Dr. Dodd was in London, the  
banker

banker for other people's charity for the comfortless and heavy laden. When Nan Catley was in her meridian, she was solicited in a letter by the Dean to give *him a night*, meaning thereby a night for the Lying-in hospital; but good-hearted Nan gave it another turn, and wrote him an answer in which she told him, "she could not *give him a night*; as she detested the *body* of the clergy, and had no great opinion of any of its *members*."

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Mr. F— is so warmly attached to the beautiful Perditta, that his friends seldom see his face. A gentleman meeting him in Piccadilly, asked him the reason of his absence from Brookes's, where his friends had the pleasure of his company and engaging converse almost every evening: to which our orator, with his happy presence of mind, replied, "You know, sir, I have pledged myself to the *public* to have a strict eye on Lord S——'s \* motions; this is my sole motive for residing in Berkley-square, and that you may tell my friends is the reason they have not seen me at Brookes's.

Related by General C.

The

\* Mrs. R——'s house in Berkley square commands a view of Lord S——'s.

The celebrated Dr. Young invited old Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, to his country-seat several times, but could never prevail on him to undertake the journey. The last time the Doctor was in London, before Tonson's death, he asked the Bookfeller his reason for not visiting him? "Why really, (replied Jacob,) the truth of the matter is, I do not like the country:" I believe you are right, (replied the Wit;) *a cucumber thrives best upon a dunghill.*

Related by Dr. J——n.

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Voltaire being asked which of his tragedies he most affected? he replied, *Olympia*; "for the same reason, said he, "that a man is proud of having a child at seventy-five."

Related by Lord S——.

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Voltaire was passionately fond of dates, sweet-oranges, pomegranates. In the south of France, the orange being grafted on the pomegranate, gives it a fine colour; Voltaire would often hold it up, and say, "this must have been the forbidden fruit."

Related by Lady P.

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Lord S—— meeting an intimate a few days after Mr. Fox and his friends resigned, wondered

dered very much that his Grace of R—— did not go out with the rest; there is nothing at all surprising in that, my lord, said the gentleman, for you know his Grace will not \* *go out* with any body.

Both related by Lady C. F.

---

General Otway led so dissipated a life, that he often drank tokay of a guinea a quart, even when alone. Upon which his lady would often say, “ my dear General, whatever you do for the honour of the crown, and in compliment to state-days, do not drink such expensive wine by yourself; for what must your poor children do? “ Oh!” says the General, “ I am easy as to that, let them smell at the corks.”

It being necessary to tap him some time after for the dropsy, he went through the operation like a soldier; but asking what the surgeons had found? and they replying, Water, he said, “ How can that be? I never drank a drop of water in my life. But how long will it be before I must be tapped again?” On being answered six months, he replied, “ It is impossible! no vessel in my house ever held above six weeks.”

In

\* Alluding, as we suppose, to the fracas between his Grace and Lord Rawdon.

G

In short, his life was so profligate, that his lady at last saying, "Why! General, you will not leave a shilling to bury you:" he answered, "Oh! I'll fling them into good-manners."

Related by the late Marquis of Granby.

---

When Pope Clement xiv. (Ganganelli) ascended the papal chair, the ambassadors of the different states waited on him with congratulations: when they were introduced, they bowed, and he returned the compliment by bowing likewise; the master of the ceremonies told his holiness he should not have returned their salute, "O, I cry your mercy," said the good pontiff, "I have not been Pope long enough to forget good-manners."

Related by Sir C. C.

---

Lord Townshend, when young, being at the battle of Dettingen, as he was marching down pretty close to the enemy, was so very thoughtful (as usual with most officers on their first battle,) that he took no notice of a drummer's head that was shot off just before him, though he received some of the brains on his coat. A veteran officer observing this, went  
up



up to him, and endeavoured to rouse him by telling him the best way in these cases was not to think at all. "Oh! dear sir, says his lordship with great presence of mind, "you entirely mistake my reverie, I have been only thinking what the devil could bring this little drummer here, who seemed to possess such a *quantity of brains*."

Related by the late Duke of Cumberland.

---

Baron B——, a celebrated gambler, well known by the name of the *left-handed* Baron, being detected some years ago at Bath secreting a card, the company, in the warmth of their resentment, threw him out of the window of a *one pair of stairs room*, where they had been playing. The Baron meeting Foote some time after, was loudly complaining at this usage, and asked what he should do? "Do," says the wit, "why it is a plain case, never play so *high* again as long as you live."

Related by C. F.

---

As lady B— L. now lady T—, was presiding one evening at a tea-table, one of her ruffles caught the flame of the tea-lamp, and burned before it could be extinguished. Lord

M—, who was of the party, and thought to be witty on the accident, remarked, “ he did not think her ladyship so apt to *take fire*.”—  
 “ Nor am I, my lord,” says she, with great readiness, “ from *such sparks* as you.”

Related by General Fitzroy.

---

The death of Mr. Holland, of Drury-lane theatre, who was the son of a baker at Chiswick, had a very great effect upon the spirits of Foote, who had a very warm friendship for him: being a legatee, as well as appointed by the will of the deceased, one of his bearers, he attended the corpse to the family vault at Chiswick, and there very sincerely paid a plentiful tribute of tears to his memory. On his return to town, by way of alleviating his grief, he called in at the Bedford coffee-house, when Harry Woodward coming up to him, asked him if he had not been paying the last compliment to his friend Holland? “ Yes, poor fellow, (says Foote, almost weeping at the same time), “ I have just seen him *shoved* into the *family oven*.”

Related by Garrick.

---

Counsellor Harwood, a late celebrated Irish lawyer, as remarkable for his *brogue*,

as for his *bon mots*; being counsel against a young officer, who was indicted for a very indecent assault, opened the court in the following manner: "My lord, I am counsel in this cause for the crown, and I am first to acquaint your lordship that this *soldier* here ——" "Stop, sir," says the ignorant military hero, (who thought he used the word *soldier* as a term of reproach,) "I would have you know, sir, I am *an officer*." "Oh, Sir! I beg your pardon," says the counsellor, very dryly, "why then, my lord, to speak more correctly; this officer here, who is *no soldier* ——" "

Related more than once by Lord M.

---

Foote being engaged to a route of lady Harrington's, found the ladies all so thickly seated, that on his entering the drawing-room, he could not get a place to sit down in. "Come, Foote," says her ladyship, "*you* must not be kept standing, take a chair." "You are very obliging, my lady, says the Wit, "but there appear to be more *bottoms* than *chairs* at present about the room."

Related by the Duchess of Northumberland.

---

General B—— being at a country play last summer, the entertainment happened to

be the *Stage Coach*, which was acted so wretchedly, that it was impossible to make head or tail of it: as soon as the curtain closed, and one of the performers came to give out the next play, the General begged leave to ask the name of the entertainment just finished. "The *Stage Coach*, sir," says Bulkin, bowing very respectfully. "O then, sir," says the General, "will you be so good to let me know when you perform this again, that I may be an *outside passenger*."

Related by my eldest son.

---

When Foote heard that Dr. Kenrick was going to give a public criticism on his comedy of the *Cozeners*, at Marybone, "Well," says he, "let the doctor take care of the fate of our first parents—a *fall in the garden*."

Related by Earl T.

---

Colonel Bond, who had been one of king Charles the first's judges, died a day or two before Cromwell, and it was strongly reported every where, that the Protector was dead; "No," said a gentleman, who knew better, "he has only given *Bond* to the devil for his further appearance."

Related by the Marquis of Rockingham.

A few

A few years ago, Foote went to spend his Christmas with the late C—— B——n, Esq; when the weather being very cold, and but bad fires, occasioned by a scarcity of wood in the house, Foote was determined to make his visit as short as possible; accordingly, on the third day after he went there, he ordered his chaise and was preparing to set out for town. Mr. B—— seeing him with his boots on in the morning, asked him what hurry he was in, and pressed him to stay. “No, no,” says Foote, “was I to stay any longer, you would not let me *have a leg to stand on.*” “Why, sure,” says Mr. B——, “we do not drink so *hard.*” “No,” says the Wit, “but there is so *little* wood in your house, that I am afraid one of your servants may light the fires some morning with *my right leg.*”

Related by Lord V. T.

---

Lord Chesterfield and another gentleman paying a morning visit together, just as the latter stepped out of the carriage, a great lamp, which hung in the center of an iron arch before the door, fell, and missed the gentleman only by about half an inch. “Good God, my Lord, (says he, much surprised) I was near being *gone!*” “Why, yes, (says his Lordship very coolly) but there would have  
G 4 been

been one comfort attending such an accident, that you would have had *extreme unction* before you *went*."

Related by Dr. Dodd.

---

Pope Sixtus V. while he was Cardinal, feigned himself broken with age and infirmities, and stooped to excess, looking upon this as one probable means of his exaltation to the Papal chair. It being observed to him, soon after his election, that he carried himself much more erect than he had lately done; "I was looking for the keys of St. Peter," said he; "but having found them, I have no longer any occasion to stoop."

Related by the first Lord Lyttelton.

---

When Charles F— first heard of his sister-in-law, Lady Mary F—, being brought-to-bed of a son and heir, which cut Charles out of the estate and title, he was called out of what he calls the Jerusalem Chamber, where he had, as usual a large levee, to be informed of the circumstance. On his return, seeing some little kind of disappointment perhaps in his face, the whole tribe of Levi almost unanimously cried out, "Vat is de matter? Vat is de matter, Master F—?" "Bad enough,

enough, indeed," says C——s, " here is a *second Messiah* come to plague you all."

Related by Admiral B.

---

A gentleman having sent a porter on a message, which he executed much to his satisfaction, had the curiosity to ask his name; being informed it was *Russel*. " Pray (says the gentleman) is *your coat of arms* the same as the Duke of Bedford's? As to our *arms*, your honour," says the porter, " I believe they are pretty much alike: but there is a damned deal of difference between *our coats*."

Related by the late Earl of Inchiquin.

---

The Duke of Newcastle, when prime minister, told the reverend Mr. Sterne one day in conversation, that men of wit were not fit to be employed, being incapable of business; the Wit replied, " They are not incapable, my lord, but above it; a sprightly generous horse is able to carry a pack-saddle as well as an *ass*, but he is too good to be put to the drudgery."

Related by the illustrious Mr. Pelham.

---

Lord R——, in presenting the honourable Miss H——y, (now lady B—— T——)

to his mother, said, "Madam, this is Miss H——, and she's no fool, I assure you;" "There, madam, (said the young Wit) lies the difference between your son and me."

Related by Chancellor Henley.

---

Some time after Madam Barré lived publicly with the French King, her ambition suggested to her to ask for the honour of the guards. His Majesty, who could refuse her nothing, immediately consented; but the Duke de Choiseul, hearing such a thing was in agitation, took every opportunity to dissuade him from it, but in vain; the king was inflexible, and often diverted his fair Statira with the Duke's importunities. Some time after this affair was given up, the King, Madam Barré, the Princess of Conti, and the Duke de Choiseul, were at a party of whist together. The Duke de Choiseul and the Countess were partners, who in the course of their play happened to be eight; a number well known to entitle the party to call honours. The Countess de Barré, who held three in her own hand, asked her partner, the Duke, as is usual in such cases, "Can you one?" "No, madam," replied the Duke, shaking his head. "Why then, (replied the Countess, giving him a very significant look, and laying down her cards at the same time) *I have got the honours without you.*"

When



When General Coote was a young man, his elder brother had a small living in Kilrush, a mean village situated in the most desolate and barren part of Ireland. One day the divine was reading the account from the bible of the formation of the world, and when he came to that part which says "*and God saw all was good,*" Mr. Coote stopped him, protesting if it was so, the Almighty must have had his thumb upon the part of the globe where they were then situated, and did not consequently see it, else he could not have made such an assertion.

Related by Archbishop Craddock.

---

Mr. Moore, the author of many ingenious pieces, being a long time under an expensive prosecution in Doctors Commons for marrying two sisters, was called upon one morning by his proctor, as he was writing his excellent tragedy of the Gamester: The proctor having a leisure hour, Mr. Moore read him four acts of his piece, which were all at that time finished; which the proctor found himself so affected by, that he exclaimed, "Good God! how can you possibly add to this couple's distress in the last act?" "Oh! very easily, (says the poet) there I intend to put them both in the *Spiritual Court*."

Related by the Earl of Chesterfield.

Lord

Lord N— exulting over C. F. on the news in an Extraordinary Gazette, of New-York being conquered; the patriotic Wit replied, “It is a mistake, Sir, New-York is not conquered; it is only, like the Ministry—*abandoned.*”

Related by the Earl of C—.

---

Lord Mansfield examining a man who was a witness in the court of King’s-Bench, asked him what he knew of the defendant. “O, my Lord, I knew him, *I was up to him!*” Up to him, (says his Lordship) what do you mean by being up to him? “Mean, my Lord, why, *I was down upon him!*” Up to him, and down upon him, (says his Lordship, turning to Counsellor Dunning) what does this fellow mean? “Why I mean, my Lord, as deep as he thought himself *I stagg’d him!*” I cannot conceive, friend, (says his Lordship) what you mean by this sort of language; I do not understand it. “Not understand it, (rejoined the fellow with surprise) *Lord, what a FLAT you must be!*”

Related by Serjeant Davy.

---

A witness on a trial being interrogated by Judge Willes, in a manner not pleasing to him,  
turned

turned to an acquaintance, and told him, in a half-whisper, he did not come there to be *queer'd* by the *old one*. *Willes* heard him, and instantly replied in his own *cant*, "I am old, 'tis true—and I'm *rum* sometimes—and for once I'll be *queer*—and I'll send you to *quod*.\*

Related by Counsellor D.

---

Lord N—— was observing to me at the last exhibition of paintings at Somerset-house, that Sir Joshua Reynolds is without doubt the greatest painter now living; "True, my lord, (replied I) for let who will cut a figure on canvass, Sir Joshua's genius will ever come off with *flying colours*!"

---

Lord B——e asked Dr. Johnson why he hated the Scotch so much? The poet replied, "You are mistaken, my lord, I do not hate the Scotch; neither do I hate frogs, provided they keep in their *native element*; but I do not like to have them hopping about my bed-chamber."

Related by the Countess of B——e.

---

Serjeant Davy being concerned in a cause which he wanted to put off a few days, asked  
lord

\* Prison.

lord M———, the present chief justice of the K—g's B—ch, when he would bring it on? "Friday next," says his lordship. "Will you consider, my lord, Friday next will be Good-Friday?" "I do not care for that (says his lordship) I shall sit for all that." "Well, my lord, to be sure you may do as you please; but if you do, I believe you will be the first judge who did business on a Good Friday since Pontius Pilate's time."

Related by Lord M———.

---

When Wilkinfon, the celebrated comedian, first appeared on the stage, he applied himself principally to mimicry, which he succeeded so well in, as to meet with universal applause. Among the various characters he took off, was Luke Sparks the player, who felt it so powerfully, that he made a formal complaint to Mr. Garrick. Garrick, who himself smarted under the lash of the mimic, laughed it off, and said, "Come, come, Luke, you had better take no notice of it: consider, if you are mimicked, it is in *good company*." "Very true, Sir," says Luke, very gravely; but I have known many a man *ruined* by keeping *good company*."

Related by Garrick.

The

The first night that Mr. *Diamond* made his appearance at Drury-lane theatre, Lady Spencer was observing to Sir G. W——n, who sat near her, what a number of *Jews* were in the house. “O lord, madam,” says Sir George, “I do not wonder at that, consider they are assembled to try the value of a *Diamond*.”

Related by General B———e.

---

A witty divine received an invitation to dinner, wrote on the *ten of hearts*, by a young lady of great beauty, merit, and fortune. This the gentleman thought a good opportunity to give the lady a distant hint of his hopes; he wrote therefore the following lines on the same card, and returned it by her own servant:

Your compliments, lady, I pray now forbear,  
For old English service is much more sincere;  
You've sent me *ten hearts*, but the tythe's only mine,  
So give me *one heart*, and take back t'other nine.

Related by my mother.

---

In a Christmas party at Euston, consisting of the Duke of G——n, Lord B——b——e,  
George

George Selwyn, and a country-squire, whose wife had lately eloped, the latter was one day after dinner extolling for a long time the fine fair for *horned* cattle he had on his estate, when Selwyn, heartily tired of such conversation, proposed cards; "Stop a while," says the Duke, "I expect Sir Charles Bunbury here presently." "Do you so," says Selwyn, flapping the squire, who sat next to him, upon the back, "why then, my friend, we shall have a *horned fair* of our own."

Related by the Duke of G————n.

---

James the first, when he was Duke of York, took it into his head to visit Milton, merely out of curiosity. In the course of their conversation, the Duke asked Milton, "Whether he did not think the loss of his sight was a judgment upon him for what he had writ against his father, Charles I?" Our immortal bard made the following reply. "If your highness thinks that the calamities which befall us here, are indications to the wrath of heaven; in what manner are we to account for the fate of the king, your father? the displeasure of heaven must, upon this supposition, have been much greater against *him* than *me*, for I have only lost my eyes; but he lost his *head*."

Related by my Father, who had it from Mr. Mallet.

Some

Some time after the late Lord Waldegrave abjured the catholic religion, he was sent ambassador to France, where he resided several years. Being one day at an entertainment, where his cousin the Duke of Berwick, and many other noblemen were present, the Duke wanting to mortify him on the score of religion, asked his lordship, whether the *ministers of state*, or the *ministers of the gospel*, had the greatest share in his conversion? Good God, my lord duke, how can you ask me such a question? Do not you know, that when I quitted the Roman Catholic religion, *I left off confession!*

Related by the late Lord Chesterfield.

---

Dr. P——, an Irish parson, and a remarkable ordinary man in his person, having a neat parsonage-house very curiously furnished, was one day shewing it to Dr. Berkely, the celebrated Bishop of Cloyne. “Well, my lord,” says the Doctor, after they had returned to the dining-parlour, “you see what a nice *marriage trap* I have got here.” “Why yes, doctor,” says the bishop looking him full in the face, “I see you have; but I am afraid you will not find a lady that will relish the *bait*.”

Related by my Mother.

When

When Madame Barré became the mistress of Louis XV. such an elevation, from one of her mean circumstances, necessarily became the topic of conversation. Some young fellows talking this matter over one night at the English coffee-house in Paris, a gentleman present said, he remembered her when she was to be had for a *six livre piece*." Very true, Sir," says another, "but she is now risen to a *Louis*."

Related by the Duchess of Northumberland.

---

At Mr. Fordyce's sale at Roehampton, Foote, who attended almost every day, bought nothing but a pillow; on which a gentleman asked him, what particular use he could have for a single pillow? "Why," says Foote, "to tell you the truth, I do not sleep very well at night, and I am sure this must give me many a good nap, when the proprietor of it (though he *owed so much*) could sleep upon it."

Related by the Duchess of Queensbury.

---

The late excellent wit, Counsellor Crips of Cork, who, from a very fine beau, dwindled into a mere sloven as he advanced in years, was invited by Lady Doneraile to dinner at her



her country-house. Her Ladyship, knowing his inattention to his dress, told him in the card, that the first personages in the neighbourhood of Doneraile were to dine with her, and requested he would be very spruce upon the occasion. But the request had no effect upon the Counsellor; he appeared before her Ladyship in an old rusty black coat and waistcoat, with a pair of greasy *velvet breeches*; which so disgusted her that she lectured him pretty smartly: "If I had not told you, (says her Ladyship) in my card, that I expected a brilliant company to dinner, I should not be angry, but I remember I made it a particular request to see you decently dressed; instead of which, this old coat (taking hold of it) is not fit for a beggar; and the front of your waistcoat begrimed with snuff, with the nastiest greasy *velvet breeches* I ever beheld: for shame, Counsellor!" "Stop," says the Wit; "my coat and waistcoat are old to be sure, and should be thrown aside; but my *velvet breeches* I have the utmost veneration for,—*they are an old pall I carry to cover a dead friend.*"

This is by much the best stroke of wit I ever heard, and was communicated to me in an admirable manner by the late Earl of Inchiquin.

MORAL

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN THE YEAR OF HIS REIGN

THE SECOND OF HIS AGE

THE FIRST OF HIS MARRIAGE

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THE FIRST OF HIS MARRIAGE

THE SECOND OF HIS REIGN



MORAL AND ENTERTAINING  
L E S S O N S

AND

R E F L E C T I O N S :

WITH

FLIGHTS OF WIT AND HUMOUR,

IN

P O E T R Y   A N D   P R O S E ,

FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF MY ELDEST SON.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1925

1925

1925

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MORAL AND ENTERTAINING LESSONS,  
&c. &c.

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L I B E R T Y.

**K**ING Charles the first made this answer to the Petition of Right (to the observation whereof he held himself obliged in conscience, as well as of his prerogative); "That the People's liberties strengthen the King's prerogative, and the King's prerogative is to defend the People's liberties."—It must not be such a prerogative as giveth the government the rickets; all the nourishment to go to the upper part, and the lower starved.

R E A S O N.

It is a diminution, instead of a glory, to be above treating upon equal terms with reason.

C H A R I T Y.

Give not only unto seven, but also unto eight, that is unto more than many. Though to give to every one that asketh may seem severe advice, yet give thou also before asking; that is, where want is silently clamorous, and men's necessities, not their tongues, do loudly call for thy mercies. For though sometimes  
neces-

necessitousness be dumb, or misery speak not out, yet true charity is sagacious, and will find out hints for beneficence. Acquaint thyself with the physiognomy of want, and let the dead colours and first lines of necessity suffice to tell thee there is an object for thy bounty.

## L I B E R T Y.

If none were to have liberty but those who understand what it is, there would not be many freemen in the world.

When the people contend for their liberty, they seldom get any thing by their victory but new masters.

## F O I B L E S   O F   Y O U T H.

The foibles of youth should be rather counteracted, than opposed, lest, in endeavouring to weed them out, we may destroy a kindred virtue.

## P R A I S E.

There is no joy beyond the charms of praise, when the mind of him who hears it can with honest pride confess it just, and listen to its music.

## V A N I T Y.

Vanity is, on many occasions, a very useful spur to a man; but it should never appear in front.

## F O R M S

## FORMS and CEREMONIES.

Forms and ceremonies are the shackles of princes, and the farther they withdraw from outward pageantry, the nearer they approach to domestic happiness.

## O L D M E N.

Do not neglect the society of old men: their memories are furnished with many facts which they witnessed, and which make them repositories well worth examining. They resemble old books, that contain excellent matter, though badly bound, dusty, and worm-eaten.

*Remarkable saying of Louis the sixth of France.*

Louis the sixth of France, surnamed the Gros, finding his end approaching, spoke to his son, afterwards Louis the Young, in the following manner: "Remember, my son, and keep it always in thy mind, that the regal dignity is only a public trust, of which thou art to give a strict account after thy decease."

## E P I T A P H,

For an antique Arch, over two Infants.

Twice hallow'd dust this humble arch contains,  
Where two sweet infants blend their dear re-  
mains!

H

The

The storms of life with them no war can wage,  
 (Sad wreck of YOUTH!—of MANHOOD!—  
 and of AGE!)

While o'er the parent stock the tempest blows,  
 Their tender *sucklings* here shall find repose!

---

## F O R T U N E.

He is the best manager of fortune who is the most attentive to the wants of the deserving.

## S E N T I M E N T.

People of refined sentiments are the most troublesome creatures in the world to deal with, and their friends must even commit a violence upon their nicety before they can condescend to study their own happiness.

---

On parting with a collection of flowers to an old conceited Maid, who said they would best adorn her bosom, and which were seen withered in an hour after.

Sweet offspring of enraptur'd May,  
 Ill-fated flow'rs, adieu!  
 No more th' enamour'd God of Day  
 Shall sip thy silver dew.

The blush of morn thy tints resign,  
 Thy fragrant charms are fled,  
 Fond Zephyrus no more is thine,  
 In Flora's balmy bed.



No kind, invigorating heat,  
Her hand thy stems afford ;  
Love has forsook her vestal seat,  
And Winter reigns her lord.

Hard fate in such a clime to die !  
Between two hills of snow !  
Cheerless the sunshine of her eye,  
And past the pow'r to glow.

Now, like the † bard, whose faded form  
Pale misery inshrin'd—  
Thy charms find shelter from the storm  
All blooming in my mind !

---

On the Death of Mr. F O O T E.  
Pardon, old friend, if at thy death.  
A sudden joy prevails ;  
'Tis not that you've resign'd your breath,  
But that you can't *tell tales* !

On the Same.  
Satire and irony no more  
Shall forth their arrows shoot ;  
Ev'n wit must fall—the reason's plain,  
Because she's ne'er a Foote !

---

G O O D N E S S.  
Those who generously labour for the hap-  
piness of others, will, sooner or later, arrive  
at happiness themselves.

H 2.

ELOPE-

† The unfortunate Chatterton.

## E L O P E M E N T.

An elopement, even from a tyrannical father, has something in it which must shock a delicate mind. But when a woman flies from the protection of a parent, who merits the utmost return of her affection, she must be insensible, indeed, if she does not feel the sincerest regret.

## F O R G I V E N E S S.

The noblest of all lessons is the forgiveness of injuries.

## B E L I E F.

Our belief struggles hard before it can be brought to yield to the disadvantage of what we love; it is so great an abuse to our judgment, that it makes the faults of our choice our own failing.

## P O L I T E N E S S.

Politeness is one of the most agreeable qualifications of human nature; it is a vivifying ray, which animates and enlightens social intercourse; facilitating expression, harmonising temper, and regulating deportment: As the natural sun influences the vegetable world, so this beauteous child of art, polishes, adorns, and dignifies society.

## S L A N D E R.

Listening after slander is laying nets for serpents, which when you have caught will sting  
you

you to death:—let them spit their venom among themselves, and it hurts nobody.

## HUMANITY.

Let us remember never to regard any man as an enemy, who stands in need of our protection.

## RECONCILEMENT.

Of all the inmost transports of the soul, there is none that dance into the heart, like friendly reconcilements.

## VILLAINY.

A fedate, a thinking villain, whose black blood runs temperately bad, what excuse can clear? one who is no more moved with the reflection of his crimes, than of his face; but walks unstartled from the mirror, and straight forgets the hideous form.

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## THE ANT AND GRASSHOPPER:

### A FABLE.

A Grasshopper had chanted it away,  
 Each summer's day;  
 Now that cold weather was set in,  
 Began to look most piteous thin.  
 Away she hopp'd, to see her neighbour th' ant:  
 And begg'd some small relief she'd grant  
 From her abundant store:  
 Or else, ere half the winter o'er  
 She needs must die for want:

And faith and troth she swore  
 The loan with int'rest to restore,  
 By autumn next, if not before.  
 Your ants they never lend on trust.  
 Our housewife was devout as well as just;  
 'T' encourage sloth she held a crime.  
 How did you spend, quoth she, the harvest  
     time?  
 An' please you, night and day I tun'd my song,  
 'T' amuse the travellers that pass'd along.  
 Oh, oh! and so you sung the summer out?  
 Yes, Ma'am. Why that was wond'rous wise:  
 And now that winter's come, might I advise,  
     E'en dance about,  
 You'll have, at least, this comfort for't,  
 To've led a merry life, tho' short.

---

The following humorous Epitaph has been given to three of my intimates: the Hon. C. F. the Earl of C. and Lord V. T. Be it whose it will, it is a very ingenious composition.

HERE *cool* the *ashes* of MULCIBER GRIM,  
     Late of this parish, *Blacksmith*;  
 He was born in *Seacoal-lane*, and bred at *Hammersmith*,  
 From his youth upwards he was much addicted to *vices*,  
     And was often guilty of *forgery*.  
 Having some talents for *irony*, he thereby produced many *heats*  
     in his neighbourhood,  
 Which he usually increased by *blowing up the coals*;  
     This rendered him so unpopular, that  
 When he found it necessary to adopt *cooling* measures,  
     His conduct was generally accompanied with a *hiss*.  
     Though he sometimes proved a *warm* friend,  
     Yet, where his interest was concerned,

He

He made it a constant rule to *strike while the iron was hot*,  
 Regardless of the injury he might do thereby;  
 And when he had any matter of moment upon the *anvil*,  
 He seldom failed to *turn it to his own advantage*.  
 Among numberless instances that might be given  
 Of the cruelty of his disposition,  
 It need only be mentioned that he was the means of  
*Hanging* many of the innocent family of the *Bells*,  
 Under the idle pretence of keeping them from *jangling*;  
 And put great numbers of the *Hearts of Steel* into the  
*hottest flames*,  
 Merely (as he declared) to *soften* the obduracy of their  
*tempers*.  
 At length, after passing a long life in the commission  
 of these *black actions*,  
 His *fire* being exhausted, and his *bellows* worn out,  
 He *filed* off to that place where only  
 The *fervid ordeal* of his own *forge* can be exceeded;  
 Declaring with his last *puff*,  
 That "man is born to trouble as the *sparks* fly upwards!"

## The CROW and the FOX.

### A FABLE.

Up in a tree, a Crow had got  
 A cheese or cake, no matter what;  
 When Master Fox, allur'd by smell or smoke,  
 First lick'd his chops, then, thus he spoke:  
 Good morrow, Master Crow,  
 How fine you are! a very beau!  
 Dear me, if I'm not quite in love:  
 Well, if the warble of your throat  
 Answers the beauty of your coat,  
 You are the phoenix of the grove.  
 The Crow thus tickled, needs must prove  
 His great harmonious skill:  
 And opening wide his bill,

Of course the prey let go;  
 Which Reynard catch'd below,  
 And thus advis'd the bird above:  
 Mark well the lesson which I give.  
 All sycophants expect to live  
 On those they flatter; henceforth caution  
     take,  
 The council's good no doubt, and worth your  
     cake:  
 Adieu. The Crow aſham'd and griev'd,  
     Curſing his fate,  
     Swore, but too late,  
 He never more ſhould be deceiv'd.

---

Translation of a *Greek Epigram*, on a *Grecian Beauty*.

Thy eyes declare th' imperial wife of Jove,  
 Thy breasts diſcloſe the Cyprian queen of love;  
 Minerva's fingers thy fair hand diſplays,  
 And Thetis' limbs each graceful ſtep betrays.  
 Bleſt man! whoſe eye on thy bright form has  
     hung;  
 Thrice bleſt! who hears the muſic of thy  
     tongue.  
 As monarchs happy! who thy lips has preſt;  
 But who embraces! as the gods is bleſt.

---

The following Epitaph, made by a huſ-  
 band, on the deceaſe of his ſecond wife, and  
     who

who happened to be interred immediately adjoining his former one, is copied from a stone in a church-yard in the County of Kent.

Here lies the body of SARAH SEXTON, }  
 Who was a good wife, and never vex'd one : }  
 I can't say that for her at the next stone. }

---

The DEATH of ALICO; an *African Slave*,  
 Condemned for Rebellion, in *Jamaica*, 1762.  
 By BRYANT EDWARDS, Esq; of *Jamaica*.

'Tis past :—Ah ! calm thy † cares to rest !  
 Firm and unmov'd am I :—  
 In Freedom's cause I bar'd my breast,—  
 In Freedom's cause I die.

Ah stop ! thou dost me fatal wrong :—  
 Nature will yet rebel ;  
 For I have lov'd thee very long,  
 And lov'd thee very well.

To native skies, and peaceful bow'rs,  
 I soon shall wing my way ;  
 Where joy shall lead the circling hours,  
 Unless too long thy stay.

O speed, fair Sun ! thy course divine ;  
 My ABALA remove ;—  
 There thy bright beams shall ever shine,  
 And I for ever love !

H 5

On

† He is supposed to address his wife at the place of execution.

On those blest shores——a Slave no more!  
 In peaceful ease I'll stray;  
 Or rouse to chase the mountain bear,  
 As unconfin'd as day!

No Christian Tyrant there is known,  
 To mark his steps with blood,  
 Nor fable Mis'ry's piercing moan,  
 Refounds thro' ev'ry wood!

Yet have I heard the melting tongue,  
 Have seen the falling tear;  
 Known the good heart by pity wrung,  
 Ah! that such hearts are rare!

Now, Christian, glut thy ravish'd eyes—  
 —I reach the joyful hour;  
 Now bid the scorching flames arise,  
 And these poor limbs devour:

But know, pale Tyrant, 'tis not thine  
 Eternal war to wage;  
 The death thou giv'st shall but combine  
 To mock thy baffled rage.

O Death, how welcome to th' oppress'd!  
 Thy kind embrace I crave;  
 Thou bring'st to Mis'ry's bosom rest,  
 And *Freedom to the Slave!*

---

DIALOGUE between a Nobleman, in a  
 dream, in which he fancied himself dead, and  
 a dead



a dead Beggar, buried by the side of him.—  
From the FRENCH.

I Dreamt that, buried in my fellow clay,  
Close by a common Beggar's side I lay;  
And, as so mean a neighbour shock'd my  
pride,

Thus, (like a corpse of quality) I cry'd  
" Away! thou scoundrel! henceforth touch  
" me not,

" More manners learn,—and at a distance  
" rot."

" Thou scoundrel!" in a louder tone, cry'd  
he,

" Proud lump of dirt, I scorn thy words and  
" thee;

" We're equal now,—I'll not an inch resign,  
" 'This is my dunghill, as the next is thine."

### ODE to MISS \*\*\*\*\*.

By BRYANT EDWARDS, Esq; of Jamaica.

O CLEAR that cruel doubting brow!

——I'll call on mighty JOVE

To witness this eternal vow;—

'Tis you alone I love!

" O leave the God to soft repose,

(The smiling Maid replies)

" For Jove but laughs at lovers' oaths,

" And lovers' perjuries."

By

By honour'd Beauty's gentle pow'r ;  
By Friendship's holy flame ;—

“ Ah ! what is Beauty but a flow'r,

“ And Friendship but a name !”

By those dear tempting lips, I cry'd ;—  
——With arch ambiguous look

Convinc'd, my CLOE glanc'd aside,

And bade me *kiss the book*.

---

The late Dr. KENRICK, who was eternally railing at all mankind, gave rise to the following bitter Epigram.

The wits who drink water, and suck sugar  
candy,

Impute the strong water of Kenrick to brandy.

They are not so much out ; the matter in  
short is,

He sips *aqua-vitæ*, and spits *aqua-fortis* !

---

VERSES upon Mrs. CREWE.

By the Hon. Mr. CHARLES FOX.

Where the loveliest expression to features  
is join'd,

By nature's most delicate pencil design'd ;

Where blushes unbidden, and smiles without  
art,

Speak the softness and feeling that dwell in  
the heart,

Where

Where in manners inchanting, no blemish we  
trace,  
But the soul keeps the promise we had from  
the face :  
Sure philosophy, reason, and coldness must  
prove  
Defences unequal to shield us from love :  
Then tell me, mysterious enchanter, oh tell !  
By what wonderful art, by what magical spell,  
My heart is so fenc'd, that for once I am wise,  
And gaze without raptures on Amoret's eyes :  
That my wishes, which never were bounded  
before,  
Are here bounded by friendship, and ask for  
no more ?  
Is't reason? No ; that my whole life will  
belye,  
For who so at variance as reason and I ?  
Is't ambition that fills up each chink of my  
heart,  
Nor allows any softer sensation a part ?  
Oh no ! for in this all the world must agree,  
One folly was never sufficient for me.  
Is my mind on distress too intensely employ'd,  
Or by pleasure relax'd, by variety cloy'd ?  
For alike in this only, employment and pain :  
Both slacken the springs of those nerves  
which they strain.  
That I've felt each reverse that from fortune  
can flow,  
That I've tasted each bliss that the happiest  
know,

Has

Has still been the whimsical fate of my life,  
Where anguish and joy have been ever at  
strife,

But, tho' vers'd in extremes both of pleasure  
and pain,

I'm still but too ready to feel them again :  
If then for this once in my life I am free,  
And escape from a snare might catch wiser  
than me ;

'Tis that beauty alone but imperfectly charms,  
For, tho' brightness may dazzle, 'tis kind-  
ness that warms :

As on furs in the winter with pleasure we gaze,  
But feel not their warmth, tho' their splen-  
dor, we praise ;

So beauty our just admiration may claim,  
But love, and love only, the heart can inflame.

*The Farmer and the Robin-Red-Breast.*

A FABLE.

A Farmer once, to save his grain,  
Amidst a flock of sparrows shot ;

And so it chanc'd, among the slain,

A Robin Red-breast went to pot.

When thus the dying bird with anguish  
spoke :

Alas ! did I deserve this fatal stroke ?

I never did you any harm ;

But pick'd up worms about the farm.

Your

Your destiny is hard ; the boor reply'd,  
And much my heart it grieves ;  
But 'tis your own imprudence you must chide,  
Why did you herd with thieves ?

---

## SELECT THOUGHTS.

Sterne will be immortal when Rabelais and Cervantes are forgot—they drew their characters from the particular genius of the times,—Sterne confined himself to nature only.

Till my uncle Toby appeared, I had used to assert that no character was ever better drawn than that of Sir Roger de Coverley.

A man may as well give himself the trouble to copy nature, as Sterne.

The immortal Marquis of Granby was a soldier, and a man of exquisite feeling ; no doubt Sterne had him in view when he coloured the matchless picture of my uncle Toby. But where shall we look for a likeness of corporal Trim ?

Turnpike roads and circulating libraries are the great inlets of vice and debauchery,—the ladies will say this remark is quite Gothic, but their husbands feel the truth of it too forcibly.

Time has a wallet on his back,  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
And these are good deeds past.

The

The following lively EPITAPH was put into my hands by the late Lord LYTTLTON, which may with some propriety be applied to himself.

Translation of REIGNER's Epitaph.

Gayly I liv'd, as ease and nature taught,  
And spent my little life without a thought;  
And am amaz'd that Death, that tyrant grim,  
Should think of me, who never thought of him.

---

AN EPIGRAM ON MODERN MARRIAGES.

When Phœbus was am'rous, and long'd to be  
rude,

Miss Daphne cry'd, Pish, and ran to the  
wood!

And, rather than do such a naughty affair,  
She became a fine laurel to deck the God's  
hair.

The nymph was, no doubt of a cold consti-  
tution;

For, sure, to turn tree was an odd resolution!

Yet in this she behav'd like a *coterie* spouse,  
As she fled from his arms to *distinguish his*  
*brows.*

---

Anecdote of Marshal TURENNE.

Marshal Turenne happening one hot day to  
be looking out of the window of his anti-  
chamber,

chamber, in a white waistcoat and night-cap; a servant entering the room, deceived by his dress, mistakes him for one of the under-cooks. He comes softly behind him, and with a hand, which was not one of the lightest, gives him a violent slap on the breech. The Marshal instantly turns about; and the fellow, frightened out of his wits, beholds the face of his master. Down he drops upon his knees—*Oh! my lord! I thought it was George.*——*And suppose it had been George,* replied the Marshal, rubbing his backside, *you ought not to have struck quite so hard.*—Such are the strokes our modern daubers dare not attempt. Go on, and remain for ever destitute of nature, void of sensibility! steel your hearts with your wretched decorum; and by your formality render yourselves despicable! But thou, honest young man, who readest this anecdote, and who feelest with tenderness all that sweetness of disposition which it immediately indicates, and which is so rarely found in our first emotions; read also the minutiae of this great man, when his birth and name were in question. Remember it is the same Turenne who constantly gave place to his nephew, so that one might always perceive the child to be a sovereign prince. Compare these contrasts, love nature, despise opinion, and know mankind.

R E C R E A-

## RECREATION.

Consider that recreation is necessary to youth, and that the mind is like a field, which stands in need of a fallow to produce a better crop. Moreover, it is proper that every thing should seem to be done with liberty—obedience becomes an insupportable yoke, unless the superior take care to make it easy.

## ELOQUENCE.

A man is always weak when he is cowardly. If eloquence hath no spring, it makes only a momentary impression: It is a nosegay that pleases, but withers the same evening.

---

VERSES said to have been written by SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D. at the request of a gentleman, to whom a lady had given a sprig of myrtle.

What hopes, what terrors, does thy gift  
create,  
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate!  
The myrtle (ensign of supreme command,  
Consign'd by Venus to Melissa's hand)  
Not less capricious than a reigning fair,  
Oft favours, oft rejects a lover's pray'r:

In



In myrtle shades oft sings the happy swain ;  
 In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain :  
 The myrtle crowns the happy lovers heads,  
 Th' unhappy lovers graves the myrtle spreads :  
 O ! then the meaning of thy gift impart,  
 And ease the throbbings of an anxious heart :  
 Soon must this bough, as you shall fix his  
                   doom,  
 Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

---

## G R A C E.

BY MR. GARRICK.

Ye beaux esprits, say, what is GRACE ?  
 Dwells it in motion, shape, or face ?  
 Or is it all the three combin'd,  
 Guided and soften'd by the mind ?  
 Where it is *not*, all eyes may see ;  
 But where it *is*, all hearts agree :  
 'Tis there, when easy in its state,  
 The mind is elegantly great ;  
 Where looks give speech to ev'ry feature,  
 The sweetest eloquence of nature ;  
 A harmony of thought and motion,  
 To which at once we pay devotion.  
 —But where to find this *nonpareil* !  
 Where does this female wonder dwell,  
 Who can at will our hearts command ?  
 —Behold in public—CUMBERLAND !

To

TO MADAME DE VILLEGAGNON,  
On the *Seizure* of her *Cloaths* by the *Custom-  
House Officers*.

BY THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

Pardon, fair traveller, the troop  
That barr'd your wardrobe's way;  
Nor think your silks, your gown, and hoop,  
Were objects of their prey.

Ah! who, when authoriz'd by law  
To strip a form like your's,  
Would rest content with what he saw,  
And not exert his pow'rs?

### THE PEASANT AND HIS ASS.

#### A FABLE.

As on the road a Peasant drove his Ass,  
He spy'd a meadow rich in grass;  
And tho' he had no right to do it,  
He dar'd the Pound, and turn'd the beast  
into it.

The Jack-Ass charm'd at such a treat,  
With choice to crop, and time to eat,  
Graz'd here and there the field all over;—  
Then pranc'd, and rear'd, and tost his head,  
And in the thick on't made his bed,  
Like one that's nurs'd in clover.

Amidst this jubilee the foe appears;  
The Clown cries out, haste, haste away!

At

At which our Afs prick'd up his ears,  
And bray'd, No, friend, I chuse to stay.

Will those folks load a double pack

Upon my back ?

Why no, then what is it to me,

If I belong to them or thee ?

You may by flight your freedom save,

If you disdain to be a slave :

For me it is no new disaster ;

Nor do I know

The thing that I can call my foe,

Except my master.

To *Madame de Damas*, learning English.

By the Hon. Horace Walpole.

Though British accents your attention fire,

You cannot learn so fast as we admire.

Scholars, like you, but slowly can improve,

For who would teach you but the verb, I  
love ?

*M. De La Condamine* to his Lady, the morn-  
ing after their wedding.

Thus match'd of old, Tithonus and Aurora ;

I and Tithonus both old fellows ;

His wife, like mine, more beautiful than

Flora,

Yet I should make Tithonus jealous.

Though

Though strong his love, though great her charms,

Their union was less blest than ours :  
Aurora's spouse grew older in her arms,  
You make me young again in yours.

---

To a LADY who loved DANCING.

Written by the late Judge *Burnet*.

May I presume, in humble lays,  
My *dancing* fair, thy steps to praise ?  
While this grand maxim I advance,  
That all the world is but a *dance*.  
That human-kind, both man and woman,  
Do *dance*, is evident and common ;  
*David* himself, that godlike king,  
We know could dance as well as sing :  
Folks who at court would keep their ground,  
Must *dance* the year attendance round :  
Whole nations *dance* ; gay frisking France  
Has led the nation many a *dance* ;  
And some believe both France and Spain  
Resolve to take us out again.  
All nature is *one ball*, we find ;  
The water *dances* to the wind ;  
The sea itself, at night and noon,  
Rises and capers to the moon ;  
The moon around the earth does tread  
A *Cheshire* round in buxom red ;  
The earth and planets round the sun  
*Dance* ; nor will their *dance* be done

Till

Till nature in one mass is blended;  
Then we may say—the *ball is ended*.

---

## W O M A N.

A virtuous and lovely woman is the most charming object in nature; the most capable of affecting a susceptible heart, and of leading it to virtue.

---

## CULTIVATION of LETTERS.

The more we are internally corrupt, the more we are externally delicate; and thus it is that the cultivation of letters insensibly gives birth to politeness. Taste rises from the same source. The public approbation being the principal reward of literary labours, it is natural for those who engage in them, to study the means of pleasing. And to this study it is that elegance of style, purity of taste, the graces of expression, and urbanity of sentiment are owing.

## T R U T H.

He who is favoured with the sight of Truth cannot fail to admire her beauties; and it is certain, that those, who remain indifferent about her, have never beheld her charms.

Grace

*Grace* after dinner at a *Miser's*.

Thanks for this miracle, it is no less  
 Than finding manna in the wilderness ;  
 In midst of famine we have found relief,  
 And seen the wonder of a chine of beef ;  
 Chimnies have smok'd, that never smok'd  
                   before,  
 And we have din'd where we shall dine no  
                   more.

---

### I M P R O M P T U.

Beyond all climates, far above all skies,  
 The soul that once inform'd my Sylvia flies :  
 May guardian angels still point out its way,  
 Through the bright regions of eternal day ;  
 May heav'nly love still bless that tender mind,  
 Which ever was with love and truth combin'd ;  
 And that her joys unmix'd with care may flow,  
 Conceal, kind heav'n, from her my heart-felt  
                   woe.

---

### E P I G R A M,

On a report of the *King of Spain's* marrying  
*Madame Victoire*, a Princess of France.  
 Tho' Frenchmen may promise him *Madame*  
                   *Victoire*,  
 He'll find it a trick and a cheat ;  
 An union with France, upon this or that score,  
 Will wed him to Madam—*Defeat*.

The

The following elegant piece of Poetry was put into my hands by the Earl of C——, by whom it was probably written.

The P O E T and S T R A W.

*A Fable.*

On *Richmond* hill, with doublet bare,  
 A hungry Poet takes the air :  
 The air on *Richmond* hill, tho' good,  
 And excellent Camelion food,  
 Is rather of too thin a nature.  
 For a beef-loving, two-legg'd creature :  
 Our Poet stops, he looks around,  
 And murmurs thus in doleful sound :  
 " While plenty o'er the landscape reigns,  
 Shall bards alone feel meagre pains ?  
 Ah, what avails, if in the town  
 My madrigals acquir'd renown ;  
 If stranger to all powerful coin,  
 I seldom taste the rich sirloin ;  
 If for the produce of my brain,  
 I meet from money'd fools disdain ;—  
 In vain the laurel crowns my brows ;  
 What crowns my pocket ?—Not one souse :  
 Of bay or laurel where the use is ?  
 Nor bay nor laurel fruit produces ;—  
 I've Fame pursu'd, and now I've caught her,  
 She proves mere moon-shine in the water ;  
 How happier the unletter'd glutton,  
 Who can indulge on beef and mutton :

I

How

How curs'd each servant of the Nine!  
 I'd rather be a fool and dine."  
 He said; and to his great surprise,  
 Beneath his feet a Straw replies:—  
 "Ah, hapless bard, look down and see  
 Thy striking emblem here in me;  
 Despis'd by those, to whom my head  
 Furnish'd the staff of living—bread:  
 That gain'd, behold me here cast down,  
 Trod on by ev'ry sordid clown:  
 Just so the bard, who from his brain  
 The hungry mind can entertain,  
 Is soon neglected and forgot,  
 A barren praise his hapless lot;  
 To Fame becomes an empty bubble,  
 Trod on by fools like Straw or Stubble."

---

*Epitaph on Mr. Thomas Hammond, Parish Clerk of Ashford, in Kent, who was a good man, and an excellent backgammon player, and was succeeded in office by a Mr. Trice.*

By the change of the die,  
 On his *back* here doth lie,  
 Our most audible clerk, Master Hammond;  
 Tho' he *bore many men*  
 Till three score and ten,  
 Yet, at length, he by death is *back-gammon'd*.  
 But hark! neighbours, hark!  
 Here again comes the clerk;

By



By a hit very lucky and nice,  
 With Death we're now even;  
 He just slept to Heaven,  
 And is with us again in a *Trice*.

Recited to me by Lord T.

## PARISH TYTHES;

An old *Tale* told in *Verse*.

By *Robert Lloyd*.

The parson of a pleasant village,  
 Who had other tythes besides of tillage,  
 Being in a merry mood one day,  
 Thus to his Clerk did gaily say:  
 “*Uriah*, I am told, thou art  
 A fornicating clerk at heart.  
 Now, if thou’lt own the dames thou’st kifs’d,  
 I’ll tell thee honestly my list.”  
 “With all my soul, (the clerk replies)  
 Old Nick take him the first that lies.”  
 To prove their work, they early go,  
 Each takes his desk—and as each doe  
 Comes into church, he who has known  
 The lady gay, or fair, or brown,  
 Must stroke his chin, and call out *Hem!*  
 And t’other must reply, *Amen!*  
 The clerk, thus leaning on his psalms,  
 The parson, without any qualms,  
 Lolls on his bible, waiting keen,  
 To *hem* at the first lady seen.

The 'squire's wife, demure and fly,  
 Enters the first; the parson's eye  
 Fixes on her—he *hems*. Another,  
 Supporting well her aged mother,  
 Attracts the parson's quick attention;  
 Twice he *hem'd*.—I shall not mention  
 The qualities, and generous faces,  
 Of all the parson's village graces:  
 Suffice it then to say, eleven  
 Come in; he *hem'd*—the clerk said "Heaven!"  
 'Twelve more appear'd—he did afford  
 Twelve *hems*—*Uriah* cried, "O Lord!"  
 Next was the lawyer's wife—a fair one—  
 He *hem'd*—the clerk cried, "Thou'rt a rare  
 one!"

At length, quite sober, sleek, and thin,  
 The parson's pretty wife came in.  
 'The parson *hem'd*—the clerk *hem'd* too;  
 Zounds! (cries the priest) that can't be true!"  
 "Not true! why not? you may condemn,  
 But Old Nick have me, but 'tis *hem*!"

---

The following Shandean intelligence was  
 put into my hands by Lord N——, who as-  
 sured me it was written by the ingenious and  
 reverend Mr. B. Let the author be whom  
 he will, he possesses exquisite humour, and I  
 have not a doubt but my readers will thank  
 me for rescuing this lively production from  
 the

the fate that generally attends those pieces committed to a short lived news-paper.

“ The most extraordinary intelligence that ever was published within the walls of Paris, or ever set the spirits of Frenchmen more upon the wing, has been published within these few days. The victories of Henry and Edward of England did not astonish the nation so much, nor did the conquests of Lewis XIV. give the people half so much satisfaction, as the capture of the English merchantmen. It was as novel as it was unexpected.

“ Half the people in France will be ruined by the expence of rejoicing—every house is open, all the bells ringing—men, women, and children of all denominations, trades and professions, dance, caper, skip and jig it about with the agility of Benevento’s devils. What with fire-works and illuminations, bonfires and transparent paintings, rockets, squibs, and crackers, and discharges from the artillery, feu-de-joys from the small arms, huzzaing from the nobility, the country looks like hell itself.

“ The court was met on the occasion, when a Grandee of Spain whiskered up to the eye-brows,—cuffed up the elbows—booted up to the hips, and spurred like a game cock, arrived express from Madrid, with a message congratulatory from his most Catholic Majesty. The grandee wore a Ramillie

tail down to his waist-band, and carried a basket Toledo, in the hilt of which was deposited his handkerchief. ~

“The grandee of Spain was announced as the Sieur O’Rielly by the gentleman usher. The Sieur O’Rielly entered on the instant his name was announced, the most Christian king having just time to take his throne. The most Christian king arose to receive the Sieur—the queen turned to her favourite maid of honour, Lucetta. This grandee must be Irish, said the Queen, by the great O he carries before his name. It is true, said Lucetta, for your Majesty may remember most of the brigade who are returned to Ireland, have great O’s before their name. True, said the Queen, blushing.

“Her Majesty laying the back of her right hand convexed into the palm of her left, which she had concaved for the purpose, and resting her elbows upon her hips, with great ease dropped both hands. The Queen’s hands fell just upon that spot, where, in the picture of Venus, the golden clasp unites the argent zone of the goddess. The Queen courtseying to the ground, with the most amiable humility, while her eyes darted beams more penetrable than the rays of Apollo, said to the Sieur O’Rielly—

“Noble Sir, you are welcome to these parts.”

The

“The whole court was astonished at her Majesty’s condescension.

“The *Sieur O’Rielly*, bowing to the ground with profound respect, drawing back his right leg, thrust his spur into that part of the gentleman usher’s ankle, where the articulation joins the leg to the foot. The electrified gentleman usher sprang from the ground, with a *sacra Dieu!* and forgetting the presence he was in, laid his hand upon his sword. The *Sieur O’Rielly* turning up his mustachios over his nostrils, muttered something in a language neither English, Irish, French, nor Spanish; it partook of each—“he grinned horrible a ghastly smile,” and the gentleman usher stood petrified. The whole court laughed—the *Sieur O’Reilly* took a pinch of snuff.

“The *Sieur O’Reilly* falling upon his knee, riveted his eyes upon the Queen—I have got it here, said *O’Reilly*, thrusting his hand into his *breeches*. I have got it here to present to your Majesty, the like of which was never seen in France, Spain, nor any other country on the continent. The ladies all smiled, while their eyes followed the hands of the *Sieur* into his breeches pocket, and their imaginations figured a thousand ideas. I have it here, exclaimed the *Sieur* with an exulting voice, as he drew from his breeches pocket a long roll—it was a roll of parchment—it was

a list of the English merchantmen taken by the fleets of France and Spain.

“ The Sieur O’Rielly was right : France, Spain, nor any country in the universe, ever before saw such a fight.

“ The King had scarcely read one quarter of the list, when a nobleman came in—— eagerness and astonishment were painted in his countenance. The Belle Poule, said the nobleman, is taken.——England must become bankrupt, said the King.——The captain, officers, and one half the seamen, said the nobleman, are killed.—Lord have mercy on their souls, said the King, we have taken the English convoy——not till Te Deum is sung for our victory, said Monf. Sartine, we have taken the English convoy.

“ The Belle Poule, the captain, the officers, and the crew, were immediately forgotten by the court of France. They had taken an English convoy.

“ The King had got through half of the list, when another nobleman came in. The Compte d’Artois is gone, said the nobleman. Then we have lost the patron of fashion, said the gentleman usher. You must conceal his death, said the King, till the rejoicings are over---we have taken an English convoy. If half the princès of the blood were dead, I would not mourn this month, for we have taken an English convoy.

“ Vive

“Vive le Roi! said the nobleman——it is the Artois ship of war, carrying sixty-four guns, and 700 men, that is gone——Good Heaven! said the Queen, the Artois was commanded by an Irishman. And was taken by an Irishman, said the nobleman.——“When Greek meet Greek, then comes the tug of war,”---said O’Reilly.——Lucetta (whispered the Queen) these Irishmen are always *standing* in our way——That’s our own *fault*, an’t please your Majesty, answered Lucetta.

“Was their force equal, interrogated the King——Pretty equal, answered the nobleman——By no means, said O’Reilly, turning to his countryman, who stood behind him! Clonard fought against his King and Country——disloyalty weighed him down, and the reproaches of being a paricide weakened his heart——I know it from my own feelings.——Merciful heaven! that zeal should so have blinded England, and my native land——but who could serve a government, which refused to let him serve his Maker according to the dictates of his conscience!

“Big tears stood in the eye of the Sieur O’Reilly, and rolled down the furrows of his sun-burnt cheek—he took his handkerchief from the hilt of his sword to wipe them away, which his countryman perceiving, he clasped the veteran in his arms, and received the tears upon his faithful bosom.”

On the report of Mr. *Barry* the *Tragedian's*  
 Death, some days before *his exit*.

*Barry* is dead! cries busy *Fame*;  
 A *Bard* replies, "that cannot be;  
*Barry* and nature are the same,  
 Both born to immortality."

---

## EPIGRAMS.

## I.

If full of *grace* and *graceful* is the same,  
 Your saints to *graceful* boast the strongest  
 claim;  
 To such alone all-*gracious* Heav'n gives grace,  
 And unbelievers are a *graceless* race.  
 How *graceful* *Tottenham*, thy chosen few,  
 Compared, *St. James's*, with thy *graceless* crew!

## II.

What's fashionable, I'll maintain  
 Is always right," cries sprightly *Jane*:—  
 "Ah, would to Heav'n!" cries graver *Sue*,  
 What's *right* were fashionable too."

---

The following sprightly and entertaining  
 piece was read to me by Lord N—, some  
 years ago, at Windsor: I gave it to my eldest  
 son for an Easter task, and he, to the asto-  
 nishment



nishment of every one, got it by heart in half a day.

To Mr. R. laid up with a Fit of the *Gout*.

By Mr. *Lloyd*, confined in the *Fleet-prison*,

There is a magic in sweet sounds,  
Which draws forth ev'ry thing but—pounds.  
By mystic song's commanding tune,  
Medea could unhinge the moon.  
At old Amphion's plastic call,  
The stones jump'd up, and form'd a wall.  
The priests loud horns began to blow,  
Down went the walls of Jericho.  
The sailors, people not renown'd  
For nice intelligence of sound,  
Chuck'd poor Arion fairly o'er,  
To swim at least nine leagues to shore,  
Down fiddle went, and fiddler—pish!  
He got on horseback on a fish!  
You see the force of music here,  
Your Dolphins have a charming ear.  
Young Orpheus, whom you oft have seen  
In playhouse-suit of lightest green,  
Scarce sweetly swept the whizzing wire,  
When at the magic of his lyre,  
From cunning trap-doors of the earth  
Sprang trees of instantaneous birth,  
While all responsive to his airs,  
Leapt bulls, and wolves, and dancing bears.  
When David sung, what some folks call  
(See Doctor Brown) the *Cure of Saul*;

He

He touch'd the monarch to the quick,  
 Like Orpheus when he sooth'd old *Nick*.  
 A foaming wolf, relentless, fierce,  
 Who never heard one word of verse,  
 Came rushing from a neighb'ring wood,  
 Just where the careless Poet stood :  
 But † Horace (was he much to blame ?)  
 Humm'd a short ode—the wolf grew tame,  
 And went as empty as he came. }  
 Strange pow'r of verse in ancient times !  
 Lost in our luckless land of rhymes :  
 All things are tending to decay,  
 Poor nature's in a palsy'd way,  
 Now kings may *touch* and *touch* again,  
 The *Royal Evil* will remain ;  
 And modern Bards, and scepter'd Kings,  
 Are equally *ungifted* things.  
 Not all the lays we lay-men make,  
 Can charm away the belly-ache.  
 Can numbers numb the twinging gout,  
 And bring the cripple dancing out ?  
 Say, can I soothe, with carol sweet,  
 The *Cerberus* who guards the *Fleet* ?  
 Can I, by Rhyme's harmonious aid,  
 Charm *Argus turnkeys* from their trade ?  
 Their mind on other passions rolls,  
*They have no music in their souls.*  
 While on their accents senates hung,  
 When Rhet'ric spoke from Tully's tongue,  
 While

While he pursu'd his surest art,  
 To wind him into Cæsar's heart,  
 As if the words had pierc'd his soul,  
 The artful Cæsar dropp'd his scroll.  
 Wonders we cannot work like these,  
 Sing what you list, say what you please,  
 J——n will hear,—yet keep his keys. }  
 Say, will my song *da capo*'d o'er,  
*Piano* soft, *andante* roar,  
 Tho' even Handel set the air,  
 Call up one tree to shade the *bare*?  
 Tho' I burst both my cheeks for spite,  
 And blow aloud from morn till night,  
 The trumpet, flute, and horn and all—  
 The devil of a brick will fall;  
 And poetry like mine, I trust,  
 Can neither raise a wall nor crust.  
 In that loose cash, however strong,  
 Who'll take the payment of a song?  
 What wolf will now forego his prey  
 For all that I can sing or say?  
 My rhymes, alas, will *catch no fish*,  
 'To swim in sauce upon my dish;  
 And for *these* notes, however clear,  
 Will the next † Dolphin give me beer?  
 Alas! my friend, how vain our boast!  
 The ancients still must rule the roast:  
 They could raise walls by music's spell,  
 Bring trees from earth, and wives from hell;

But

† A public-house on Ludgate-Hill.



She says, that ev'ry modern is a dunce,  
 Forgetting *Homer* was a modern once.  
 Die—die—she cries—and then I'll deign a  
 smile.

Your servant, ma'am—but 'tis not worth my  
 while.

## L A W S OF C O N V E R S A T I O N.

1st. Never to converse on what we don't  
 understand.

2dly. Let there be always certain intervals,  
 to make an objection, a reply, or a rejoinder.

3dly. Let the subject be on *things* rather  
 than *persons*.

4thly. Let the subject be on *historical mat-*  
*ters*, rather than of the *present age*.

5thly. Let the subject be on things distant  
 and remote, rather than at home, and so of  
 your neighbours.

6thly. Blazon all the *good*, and conceal all  
 the *faults* of both friend and enemy.

Let nothing ever be said which good sense  
 may disapprove, good-nature dislike, or sound  
 judgment condemn.

## The M I S E R and the M O U S E.

An *Epigram* from the *Greek*.

To a Mouse, says a Miser, "My dear Mr.  
 Mouse,  
 Pray what may you please for to want in my  
 house?"

Says

Says the Mause, "Mr. Miser, pray keep  
 yourself quiet,  
 You are safe in your person, your purse, and  
 your diet ;  
 A lodging I want, which e'en you may afford ;  
 But none would come here to beg, borrow, or  
 board."

---

The following beautiful Lines were written by  
 a *Lady of Norwich*, on observing some white  
 hairs on her Lover's head.

Thou, to whose pow'r reluctantly we bend,  
 Foe to Life's fairy dreams, relentless Time,  
 Alike the dread of lover and of friend,  
 Why stamp thy seal on manhood's rosy  
 prime ?  
 Already 'twining 'midst my 'Thyrsis' hair,  
 The snowing wreaths of age, the monuments  
 of care.

Thro' all her forms, tho' nature own thy sway,  
 That boasted sway thou'lt here exert in vain ;  
 To the last beam of life's declining day,  
 Thyrsis shall view, unmov'd, thy potent reign.  
 Secure to please, whilst goodness knows to  
 charm,  
 Fancy and taste delight, or sense and truth in-  
 form.

Tyrant, when from that lip of crimson glow,  
 Swept by the chilling wing, the rose shall fly ;  
 When thy rude scythe indents his polish'd brow  
 And quench'd is all the lustre of his eye ;  
 When

When ruthless age dispenses ev'ry grace,  
Each smile that beams from that ingenious  
face—

Then, thro' her stores, shall active Mem'ry  
rove,

Teaching each various charm to bloom anew,  
And still the raptur'd eye of faithful love

Shall bend on Thyrsis its delighted view;  
Still shall he triumph, with resistless power,  
Still rule the conquer'd heart to life's remotest  
hour.

'The following List of taxes was put into my hands this morning; there is something so whimsical in the whole, that I thought it worth preserving. It is addressed to Lord North *out of office*.

## LIST OF TAXES.

A tax on all schemers, which, from the inventive genius of idleness, would produce annually at least 200,000*l*.

A tax on all attornies, who were not able to prove, that, in the course of a year's practice, one eighth of their income was got honestly, which, from my knowledge of the fact, would produce half a million.

A tax on lyars, which, on an average of only one in an hundred being a man of truth, would

would produce a sum, not less than sufficient to pay the national debt in two years.

A tax on every person that went to an Italian Opera, that did not understand the language: on every person who attended a Concert, without a knowledge of music, and on all persons sleeping at Church, which I proved to your Lordship might produce in one year 500,000*l*.

A tax upon all gentlemen who boasted of female favours that they never received. This on an average might be computed a tax on 9999 men, out of every ten thousand, who had attained the age of twenty-one years, and would produce, at a moderate interest, *per capitum*, an annual revenue of 800,000*l*.

A tax on white necks, red cheeks, and lilly hands, with a draw-back on proving where the pencil of nature was the only artist, to be collected at the Play-houses, Ranelagh, Vauxhall, Kensington, and other places of public diversion, exclusive of demi-reps, who paint in the way of trade, would produce, in the female world, fifty out of every sixty, and among the men, four out of every twenty, liable to impost. I reckoned this at 400,000*l*.

A tax on all slander and back-biting, one methodist to be considered as four churchmen, would produce, at a penny per head, 99 persons out of every hundred in the kingdom, as subject to the duty.

A tax



A tax on all unnecessary words in the House of Commons; your lordship thought this would be particularly severe on Mess. Burke and Fox; and therefore, in consideration of the numerous family of words, and the small income of money, those two orators possessed, this most salutary tax was struck out of my list.

A tax on all gentlemen coachmen, which, considering the immense increase of great coats with eight capes, would produce at least 50,000*l.* per annum.

A tax on all young gentlemen, who had got an university education, and made the grand tour, but who could not construe an ode of Horace, or tell in what part of the world the Alps lay. This on computation might produce 20,000*l.* yearly.

A tax on all gentlemen and ladies, indiscriminately, who could not tell, on being asked, in what part of holy writ the Revelations and the first chapter of Genesis are. This in the west end of London, would produce something worth the collection.

A tax on every citizen of London who eats more than two pounds of solid meat within twenty four hours. This tax, as it would prevent apoplexies, and add considerably to the revenue, I thought a very salutary one. But your lordship observing that the Aldermen would make up the deficiency, in order

to evade the tax, by eating pies, puddings, turtle, soups, jellies, &c. I took that article back to consider, and have since totally forgot to look into it.

A tax on mock visits, pretended ailments of body, fictitious head-achs, false alarms of pregnancy, and other incidental non-entities in women of fashion, might render six in ten throughout the higher and second orders of the female world liable to duty.

A tax on healthy and sound constitutions among men of fashion. I pointed this duty particularly on the first rank, because with them it is considered a luxury. I dropped it, however, as you may recollect; because, on consideration, it would not pay the fees of collecting.

A tax on all barristers, who, in each half hour's pleading, said, *my lud* and *your ludship*, more than fifteen hundred times. Your lordship observed this would injure the client, as *my lud* and *your ludship*, were interjections in law, to fill up the vacuity of an advocate's imagination, when he was at a loss for words to convey the meaning of his argument. I therefore dropped the idea, as I thought every client sufficiently delayed, injured, oppressed, and taxed already!

A tax on all footmen under the age of fifty, and above the height of four feet eleven inches. This I did, that the army might be recruited

cruited with genteel good-looking vagabonds, who, from a state of liveried idleness, may be called into a regimental activity.

A tax on all coffee-house beaux, who call for the Amsterdam Gazette, and the Courier de l'Europe, without being able to understand the meaning of one line in either. This is a tax on vanity, but it will not bring in much.

A tax on real old English hospitality in the houses of great men, as the only means, by making it expensive, to make it fashionable. This will take some time before it will come to perfection; the very idea of domestic conviviality being now so vulgar as to be turned out of almost every gentleman's house in Great Britain. Your lordship smiled at this idea, shook your head, and said, you feared that, when the trick was found out, the tax would cease. I think so too, my lord; and therefore leave those fashionable people to their new adopted luxury of smiling without a cause of risibility, of ostentatious parade without inward comfort, and of the appearance of happiness without one particle of real felicity.

Your Lordship's old friend,  
And most obedient humble servant,  
SCACABACK SCREECHKINKERTON.

*Half-way house, between Jest  
and Earnest, Sept. 19. 1782.*

A beau-

A beautiful young lady, who possesses one of the best hearts in the world, repeated the following pretty poem to a large company one evening last winter. The author deserves much praise, particularly for the latter part of it, which turns upon a very pretty thought.

## THE STROLLING PLAYER.

### A TALE.

A strolling Player, as story tells,  
 If truth in modern stories dwells,  
 Stood once proclaiming Richard's fate  
 Hard by an honest farmer's gate :  
 And saw the clowns with pleasure come,  
 Who heard the beating of the drum :  
 For country actors roam about,  
 Whene'er their cash or credit's out.  
 Or when his Worship shall determine  
 To drive them out, like other vermin.  
 Then some poor youth, who fain would sup,  
 For sixpence takes the drum-sticks up,  
 And gladly rambles up and down,  
 To beat the play thro' half the town ;  
 And oft this man, by hunger prest,  
 Is better paid than all the rest——

But as our present mouth-piece stood,  
 And curdled every rustic's blood,  
 Exerted all his might and pow'r  
 On Henry murder'd in the Tow'r ;  
 How Glo'ster basely took his life,  
 And after marry'd Edward's wife,

Then

Then quickly stopp'd his nephews breath,  
By vilely stifling them to death.

With many other horrid crimes,  
Whose mention shocks the latest times.

'Till Richmond nobly made him yield,  
And kill'd the wretch in Bosworth field.

The honest farmer, sighing, said,

"What ways there are of getting bread!

"I dare say, friend, you'll think it hard

"To work in any farmer's yard,

"You tell me, tho' you speak so fine,

"Whose trade is better, your's or mine?

"Is any fellow in your station

"Of half our value to the nation?

"And yet at us you toss your nose,

"Whene'er you get a rag of cloaths;

"With saucy jests presume to flout us,

"Altho' you could not eat without us:

"In London I have seen the players

"In better waistcoats than our mayors:

"Nay I declare it on my word,

"I've seen an actor wear a sword;

"And not a creature in the town,

"Would ever knock the fellow down,

"Altho' the puppy had began

"To think himself a gentleman:

"When but the very summer after,

"(I scarce can mention it for laughter)

"He came among the country boors,

"And beat just such a drum as yours;

"What's

“What can you say?” the farmer cry’d;  
When thus our orator reply’d.

“Sir, if my word you’ll please to trust

“I own your censure often just :

“Experience ev’ry day declares

“The foolish pride of many play’rs :

“And some, perhaps, but let that rest,

“Whose lives are not the very best ;

“For tho’ this truth on some may fall,

“The censure ne’er can reach to all.

“A rascal high soever drawn,

“Had been a rascal clad in lawn ;

“And worth will ev’ry eye engage,

“Tho’ fortune place it on the stage ;

“Professions, Sir, you never find

“Have chang’d the temper of the mind :

“And if a man genteely bred

“A faultless life has always led ;

“Why will your censure wish to blame

“The merit justice should proclaim ?

“I need not say what native fires,

“Or judgment such a life requires.

“A truth like this I need not smother,

“They’re higher much than any other :

“And if sometimes we meet with losses,

“(All men are liable to crosses ;)

“Why is an actor’s made a jest ?

“When pity smiles on all the rest ?

“Had fortune burnt your haggards down,

“You, Sir, had work’d about the town,

“Had

“ Had beat a drum, or acted worse,  
“ Without a sixpence in your purse.”

Here paus'd the youth, the farmer turn'd,  
Whose breast with true good-nature burn'd.

“ Of all thy trade I ne'er espy'd

“ A man possess so little pride :

“ I ask thy pardon, honest youth,

“ Thou hast spoke nothing but the truth ;

“ And while with us you choose to stay,

“ I beg thou'lt see me ev'ry day.

“ Nor blush, if e'er thou art distress'd,

“ To be an honest farmer's guest.

“ A man, I dare be sworn thou art,

“ Blest with a very noble heart.

“ And harkee—nay—but this way stand,

“ Here take a guinea in thy hand,

“ Had I been in thy place, I see,

“ You would have acted just like me.”

---

Verfes by R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq;

Mr. Sheridan meeting Miss Linley, now Mrs. Sheridan, at the entrance of a grotto in the vicinity of Bath, took the liberty of offering her some advice, with which apprehending that she was displeased, he left the following lines in the grotto the next day :

Uncouth is this moss-cover'd grotto of stone;  
And damp is the shade of this dew-drop-  
ping tree;

Yet I this rude grotto with rapture will own,  
And, willow, thy damps are refreshing to  
me.

For this is the grotto where Delia reclin'd,  
As late I in secret her confidence sought;  
And this is the tree kept her safe from the  
wind,

As blushing she heard the grave lesson I  
taught.

Then tell me, thou grotto of moss-cover'd  
stone,

And tell me, thou willow with leaves drip-  
ping dew,

Did Delia seem vex'd when Horatio was  
gone?

And did she confess her repentment to you?

Methinks now each bough, as you're wav-  
ing it, tries

To whisper a cause for the sorrow I feel;  
To hint how she frown'd when I dar'd to ad-  
vise,

And sigh'd when she saw that I did it with  
zeal.

True,



True, true, silly leaves, so she did, I allow :

She frown'd, but no rage in her looks could  
I see :

She frown'd, but reflection had clouded her  
brow ;

She sigh'd, but, perhaps, 'twas in pity to  
me.

Then wave thy leaves brisker, thou willow of  
woe ;

I tell thee, no rage in her looks could I  
see :

I cannot, I will not believe it was so ;

She was not, she could not be angry with  
me.

For well did she know that my heart meant no  
wrong,

It sunk at the thought of but giving her  
pain,

But trusted its task to a faltering tongue,

Which err'd from the feelings it could not  
explain.

Yet, oh ! if indeed I've offended the maid,

If Delia my humble monitions refuse ;

Sweet willow, the next time she visits thy  
shade,

Fan gently her bosom, and plead my ex-  
cuse.

And thou, stony grot, in thy arch may'st  
preserve

Two lingering drops of the night-falling  
dew ;

And just let them fall at her feet, and they'll  
serve

As tears of my sorrow intrusted to you.

Or lest they unheeded should fall at her feet,

Let them fall on her bosom of snow, and I  
swear

The next time I visit thy moss-cover'd seat,

I'll pay thee each drop with a genuine tear.

So may'st thou, green willow, for ages thus  
toss

Thy branches so lank o'er the flow-wind-  
ing stream ;

And thou, stony grotto, retain all thy moss,

While yet there's a poet to make thee his  
theme.

Nay more—may my Delia still give you her  
charms

Each evening, and sometimes the whole  
evening long ;

Then, grotto, be proud to support her white  
arms,

Then, willow, wave all thy green tops to  
her song.

PRIZE

## PRIZE MONODY,

On the DEATH of Mr. GARRICK.

For the VASE at BATH EASTON, FEB. 11,  
1779.

BY MISS SEWARD.

Dim sweeps the shower along the misty vale,  
And Grief's low accents murmur in the gale.  
O'er the damp vase Horatio sighing leans,  
And gazes absent on the faded scenes :  
And Sorrow's gloom has veil'd each sprightly  
grace,

That us'd to revel in his Laura's face,  
When, with sweet smiles, her garlands gay  
she twin'd,  
And each light spray with roseate ribbons  
join'd.

Dropt from her hand the scatter'd myrtles lie :  
And lo ! dark cypress meets the mournful eye ;  
For thee, O Garrick ! sighs from Genius  
breathe,

For thee sad Beauty weaves the fun'ral  
wreath.

Shakespeare's great spirit, in its cloudless  
blaze,

Led him unequal'd thro' th' inventive maze ;  
'Midst the deep pathos of his melting themes,  
Thro' the light magic of his playful dreams.

He caught the genuine humour glowing there,  
Wit's vivid flash, and Cunning's sober leer.

The strange distress that fires the kindling  
brain

Of feeble madness on the stormy plain ;

Or when pale youth, in Denmark's midnight  
shade

Pursues the steel-clad phantom thro' the glade ;

Or, starting from the couch with dire affright,

When the crown'd murd'rer glares upon the  
fight,

In all the horrors of the guilty soul,

Dark as the night that wraps the frozen pole.

—Our subject passions own'd the sway com-  
plete,

And hail'd their Garrick as their Shakespeare  
great.

That voice which pour'd its music in our ear,  
Sweet as the songster of the vernal year,

Those graceful gestures—and that eye of fire,

With rage that flam'd, or melted with desire,

Awak'd the radiant joy in dimple sleek,

Or made the chilly blood forsake the cheek,—

Where are they now ?—Dark in the narrow  
cell

Insensate,—shrunk,—and still—and cold they  
dwell ;

A silence solemn and eternal keep,

Where neither Love shall smile—nor Anguish  
weep.

Breathe,

Breathe, Genius, still the tributary sigh !  
 Still gush, ye liquid pearls, from Beauty's eye !  
 With slacken'd strings suspend your harps, ye  
     Nine,  
 While round his urn yon cypress wreath ye  
     twine !  
 Then give his merits to your loudest fame,  
 And write in sun-bright lustre *Garrick's* name !

---

## E P I G R A M S.

## I.

For sparkling wit, for knowledge, and for sense,  
 The world allows *Cleora* fair pretence ;  
 Envy her not ! for still remain behind,  
 Malice and hatred, and a treach'rous mind.

## II.

Fair *Climene*, of late I find  
 Love's pleasing empire sways my mind ;  
 By heav'n the declaration's true :  
 Why frown, proud nymph ? 'Tis not for you.

## III.

A member of the modern great  
     Pass'd Sawney with his budget,  
 The peer was in a car of state,  
     The tinker forc'd to trudge it.

But Sawney shall receive the praise

His lordship would parade for ;

One's debtor for his dapple greys,

And t'others shoes are paid for.

## IV.

Could *Kate* for *Dick* compose the Gordian  
string,

The Tyburn knot how near the nuptial ring !

A loving wife, obedient to her vows,

Is bound in duty to exalt her spouse.

## V.

To Wasteall, whose eyes were just closing in  
death,

Doll counted the chalks on the door ;

“ In peace, (cry'd the wretch) let me give up  
my breath,

And Fate will soon rub out the score.”

“ Come, Bailiffs, cries Doll, (how I'll ham-  
per this cheat)

Let the law be no longer delay'd ;

I never once heard of that fellow call'd Fate,

And by G—d he shan't die till I'm paid.”

## VI.

You say, without reward or fee,

Your uncle cur'd me of a dang'rous ill!

I say he never did prescribe for me,

The proof is plain—I'm living still.

THE

## THE DEVIL'S TAIL.

*A Bon Mot of the Marquis of Conflans.*

A Cardinal one day returning from court,  
 Seem'd to wish on Conflans to make a retort ;  
 There's nothing in France of so common a  
 date,

Says he, my dear Count, as the poor and the  
 great ;

And to prove my assertion both common and  
 plain,

I've a kinsman of yours faith—to hold up my  
 train.

Conflans made reply—Sit, I pity the man,  
 But indeed I've resolv'd on a much better plan;  
 The red or blue guards, tho' of vilest degree,  
 Have open'd a certain asylum for me ;  
 And I'd rather be starv'd, and o'er-run with  
 each evil,

Than take by the tail—*such an arrogant devil !*

## DON PRINGELLO's TALE:

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE HOLY NUNS;

Or, the

MONK's WISE JUDGMENT.

There is a noble town call'd *Ghent*,

A city famous for its wares,

For Priests and Nuns, and Flanders mares,

And for the best of fish in Lent.

There you may see, threatning destruction,  
A hundred forts and strong redoubts,  
Just like *Vauban's*, with ins and outs,  
And cover'd-ways of love's construction.

In one constructed as above,  
There dwelt two Nuns of the same age,  
Join'd like two birds in the same cage,  
Both by necessity and love.

In towns of Idleness and sloth,  
Where the chief trade is tittle-tattle,  
Tho' Priests are commoner than cattle,  
They had but one between them both.

Our Nuns should have had two at least,  
In *Ghent* they are common as great guns;  
Which made it hard upon our Nuns,  
And harder still upon the Priest.

But he was worthy of all praise,  
With spreading shoulders and a chest,  
A leg, a chine, and all the rest,  
Like *HERCULES* of the *FARNESE*.

Amongst the Nuns there was a notion,  
That these two Sisters were assign'd  
To him, for a severer kind  
Of penitential devotion.

His penance lasted a whole year,  
And he had such a piece of work,  
If it had been for turning Turk,  
It could not have been more severe.

Our



Our Nuns, which is no common case,  
Living together without jangling,  
All on a sudden fell a wrangling  
About precedence and place.

They both with spleen were like to burst,  
Like two proud Misses when they fight,  
At an assembly, for the right  
Of being taken out the first.

Before the Priest they made this clatter,  
Between them both he was perplex'd,  
And study'd to find out a Text  
To end the controverted matter.

Children, said he, scratching his sounce,  
I should be better pleas'd than you,  
Could I divide myself in two,  
And satisfy you both at once.

Angels, perhaps, may have such pow'rs,  
But it is fit and seasonable  
That you should be more reasonable  
Whilst you're with Beings such as ours.

Be friends, and listen to the Teacher:  
Cease your vain clamour and dispute,  
Be ye like little fishes mute,  
Before Saint ANTHONY the Preacher.

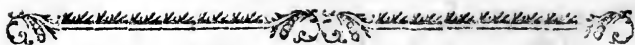
To end at once all disputation,  
I'll set my back against that gate,  
And there produce erect and straight,  
The cause of all your altercation.

But

But first, you both shall hooded be,  
 Both so effectually blinded,  
 'Twill be impossible to find it,  
 Except by Chance or Sympathy.

Which of you first, be it agreed,  
 The rudder of the Church can seize,  
 Like PETER's Vicar with his keys,  
 Shall keep the helm and have the lead;  
 She shall go first, I mean to say,  
 And have precedence ev'ry day.

The Nuns were tickled with the jest,  
 They were content; and he contriv'd  
 To give the helm, for which they striv'd,  
 To her that manag'd it the best.



A P P E N D I X

TO THE

ANECDOTES, BON MOTS,

REPARTEES, AND PUNS, &c.



A B E H O I X

THE

ANALYSIS OF THE

REMARKS OF THE

THE

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ANECDOTES, BON MOTS, REPARTEES,  
AND PUNS, &c.

**M**ONSIEUR de Voltaire, as he was writing his tragedy of Merope, one day called his footman at three o'clock in the morning, and gave him some verses to carry immediately to the Sieur Paulin, who played the part of the *tyrant* in that play. The servant excusing himself, under a pretence that it was the hour of sleep; *Go, I say*, continued Voltaire, *tyrants never sleep.*

Related by the intelligent Lord M——d.

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The present Prince of Orange was lately conversing with one of his officers: The officer, from a scruple of politeness, declined enforcing what he said, with such arguments as the subject would have admitted; which the prince observing, desired the officer *never to give up his opinion whenever he spoke to him upon any business, as from experience it must be superior.*——This is a noble instance of a great mind.

Related by the Prince of M. S.

That

That admired son of the Comic Muse, Mr. Quick, belonging to the Liverpool company of comedians, at the time the celebrated *Naval Review at Portsmouth* made so much noise in the world. One of the gentlemen of the theatre, after saluting Mr. Quick one morning in the *Green-room*, whipt open his waistcoat; the ladies set up a loud laugh, which the Wag heightened by observing, *the ladies had an opportunity of seeing a Navel Review without going to Portsmouth!*

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The same excellent companion happened to be in company with a gentleman whose father was a *footman*, when Heraldry became the topic of conversation: The gentleman observed he had seen that morning his arms on a Baronet's carriage of his name, and they must be related. "No doubt, (said the Wit) your family, Sir, is pretty extensive; your father's *arms* must have been upon many carriages—as you know he was a *footman*."

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Lord Shelburne, passing through one of the streets at the west end of the town in a coach with two friends, one of them cried, "There goes Charles Fox." "And in *boots*," says the other. "Tut, man, (replies his lordship, with

with his usual vivacity) how could he be otherwise, when you know *Townshend is in his shoes?*"

Related by Lord T.

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Lady C.—, walking in St. James's park with a young lady, a novice in affairs of love, the young lady, on seeing Lord C.— coming up, and dressed *à la mode de Paris*, and displaying a number of fantastical airs, exclaimed, "Lord, Lady C.—, what a charming angelic man!" "Never, (says the literary wit) never, my dear girl, judge of the *piece* by the *drapery*."

Related by Miss K.—.

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It is well known that the celebrated monarch Charles the fifth, who, from the extensiveness of his dominions, and the rapidity of his conquests, projected nothing less than an universal monarchy, at last grew sick, not only of this vain pursuit, but relinquished his crown, and with it all earthly grandeur, to retire to the monastery of St. Just, where he ended his days in the most exemplary line of mortification. The day when he went in his turn to wake the novices at the hour of matins, one of them, who did not choose to be  
so

so early disturbed out of a sound sleep, pretended not to hear him. The devotion of Charles, however, would take no excuse: he continued shaking him, till the novice found it was impossible to feign any longer; then bouncing out of his bed, he exclaimed, "What the devil! have you not troubled the repose of the world long enough already, without coming here to disturb that of peaceable men who have *forfaken it*?"

Related by General C——.

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George S——n being in a bookseller's shop at the west end of the town a short while ago, was asked by a nobleman what he thought of the *constitution* of Great B——n, the wit replied "The *constitution* of E——d, my lord, and that of your humble servant, are alike—in a rotten condition; tho' I must own I have the advantage, for I have the assistance of an *able surgeon*; but our poor country is committed to the care of a *parcel of quacks*!"

Related by General C——.

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The Earl of B. who is well known to be a lover of virtù, called at a broker's shop in one of his morning walks, where he had bought



bought many pictures. The broker died the day before, and lay in his coffin in a back room; and the wife of the deceased was out about some business. It so happened that she left a woman to mind the shop, who made light of sacrificing modesty to a stroke of humour, and who we must suppose had an intrigue of some standing with the deceased; for when his lordship asked if she had any *dead game*, (meaning thereby *pictures*) she replied, the best she had ever met with, and instantly led his lordship to take a view of the *corpse*.

Related by General C——.

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There was a grand masquerade-ball held at Paris, in the reign of Lewis XIII. who was a weak prince. His Majesty, notwithstanding his dress, was discovered by two young gentlemen, walking in the ball-room, with his arms round the waist of one of his mistresses; one gentleman complained of the heat of the room, and made a motion to the other for them to adjourn to the *King's Arms*. "No replied he, that will not do, *the King's Arms is full*; but if you think proper, we will retire to the *King's Head*, for that is quite empty."

Related by my eldest Son.

Otway

Otway had an intimate friend who was murdered in the street. His feelings must be great, who could so nobly describe affection in his *Venice Preserved*. He pursued the murderer on foot, who fled to France, as far as Dover, where Otway was seized with a fever, occasioned by the fatigue, which afterwards carried him to his grave in London—This anecdote, though melancholy enough, must be a relief to those who have read Otway's *Life*, prefixed to his works, which asserts positively that he died in want and great distress.

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Lee had been confined some time for lunacy, to a very low diet; but one night he escaped from his physician, and drank so immoderately that he fell down in the Strand, was ran over by a hackney coach, and killed on the spot.

Related by Dr. J——n.

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The King of Naples interferes so much in the amusements of the Neapolitan court, that he superintends the management of the *opera* himself.—His Majesty invited some English gentlemen to be present at a rehearsal, when he took occasion to inquire of one of them  
how

how the King of England employed his mornings?—"Sire," replies the gentleman, "in arranging plans for the conduct of his navy, and reviewing his army?"—"Very well, Sir, (says his majesty) so do I, this is my *navy*, and this is my *army*, pointing to different groupes of dancers."—"And who are those," adds the gentleman, noticing some *gigantic castrators*.—"O," replies his majesty, "those are the *neutral powers*!"

Related by the N. Ambassador.

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The Duchefs of A—— infifting one day that no officer could poffefs true courage who could faint at any circumftance in life; reminded me of the following anecdote of as brave a foldier as ever headed the Britifh army. When Lord Vifcount T—— was V—— of I——d, his firft wife ftood god-mother to the Hon. Mifs H——, the prefent C—— of I——'s eldeft daughter: it muft be remembered that this amiable lady was one of the brighteft patterns of conjugal affection under heaven, and univerfally adored. Some time after this lady's death, his lordfhip ftood god-father to the Chancellor's youngeft fon; when, in the midft of the ceremony, which was performed in the fame apartment in which his wife and he ftood when Mifs H. was baptized; recollection prefented lady T—— and her

her estimable qualities in such animated colours before him, that he sunk into a fit that lasted for some minutes. Strange that a nobleman could possess such exquisite feelings for the loss of a woman he adored, and yet forget his promise to her on her death-bed—*that he would never wed again!* We may say with lord Chesterfield, when we recollect every circumstance of his second marriage, *Alas, poor human nature!*

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At the contested election for the city of Westminster, between Lord Trentham (now Earl Gower) and Sir George Vandeput, John Glynn Esq; (father to the late serjeant Glynn) went in a plain dress to the hustings in Covent Garden, to poll, and was interrogated by one of the clerks, with all the insolence of office, with “*Well, sir, who are you? what is your name?*” John Glynn. “*Where do you live?*” In ——— street, Westminster. “*What trade are you?*”— A very poor trade indeed Sir, (replied Mr. Glynn) for an honest man to get a living by, I am a *member of parliament.*

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Taking a ride with General C. some time ago, I took notice of a neat farm house delightfully situated. I asked the General to whom

whom it belonged, who informed me it was the property of Farmer ———, whose forefathers had been situated there since William the Norman arrived in this island, and that the possessors ever since neither added a single acre nor took one from the farm: “Your intelligence, General, said I, is very singular indeed, it is the only family, I believe, in the universe, that has been for so long a period without a *wise man* or a *fool* in it.”

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I am very fond of rural excursions; which I often make in company with my eldest son, General C. and other friends. It happened not long since to rain while I was amusing myself in this manner; when my companions and I entered a cottage, where a woman was very busy washing linen. The woman left her work, and pressed us to sit down; seeing us in *blue uniform*, she riveted her eyes on us, ’till I told her to go on with her work; this she declined, alledging, she would be time enough, as she had but two or three shirts to wash for her son, who was in service in London. I asked her how many sons she had? to which she with much gravity answered (surveying my clothes at the same time) *I won't tell you how many sons I have!* I begged the poor woman's pardon for being so inquisitive,

tive, and on leaving her gave her a guinea: she looked at me very earnestly, thanked me, and hearing General C. say we were unacquainted with the short cut to Windsor, she, with much good nature in her countenance, said she would shew us, which she instantly did. After parting, she met a friend, to whom she communicated her fears, with, *what do you think, neighbour, them soldiers you see go along was in my house a few minutes ago, and one of them asked me how many sons I had got? but I was too cunning for them, I saw, the moment they came in, they were a party of the OXFORD BLUES, who wanted to list my poor boys. You know, neighbour, I had a son prest not long ago, and it was as much as my poor husband and I could do to get him off—The tallest of them is a good-natured fellow for all that, for though I answered him in a very surly manner, he gave me a guinea, long life to him!*

F I N I S.

John  
D. Son  
D. Son

John D. Son

